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FROM

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL,

Class of 1838.

Received Nov. 14, 1891.

Thomson

James R. Lowell

THE
Spirit of Sport in Nature
And Other Poems



THE
Spirit of Sport in Nature
And Other Poems.

Thomas Swann
By T. S.

"Sport is the bloom of perfect health."—EMERSON.



London:
MARCUS WARD & CO., LIMITED, CHANDOS ST.
AND AT BELFAST AND NEW YORK
1883

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Nov. 14, 1891.

LOWELL BEQUEST.

INTRODUCTORY.

MOST of the poems that compose this volume were submitted to the Rev. George Gilfillan several years before his death. He pointed out their defects, which have since been laboriously corrected; but he also advised the author to publish them. His opinions regarding the whole are expressed in a number of letters in the writer's possession. He says—"Not for many years have I got anything so good: they possess much merit. They show true poetic feeling, even genius. There is an uncommon spirit and energy in most of the verses—genuine poetic and Milesian fire. The spirit is good and true." The author, wishing of course for an audience, however limited, does not feel himself called upon to exercise that amount of self-denial that would be required to suppress such opinions; for, whatever may be the estimate of Gilfillan as a writer, most people are

willing to concede that he understood poetry. In addition to his favourable impressions, he also offered the writer a testimonial of merit, and promised to criticise the poems favourably on their appearance in some review open to him ; but, for reasons not worth enumerating now, the poems were not published at the time. "The Spirit of Sport in Nature" may perhaps rest on a narrow "coign of vantage," but those who have minutely watched some of the manifestations of Nature will not feel inclined to question the leading ideas of the poem. In the "Voyages of Zobeiday," the author intended to apply the poetry of romance to a range of subjects seldom found in connection with it. The author regrets the necessity of having to place Gilfillan's opinions in any part of the present publication, but it is a necessity connected with its existence, for without such opinions it would not have seen the light.

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VIGNETTE OF SONG.

WHEN o'er the grass in golden drifts the forest leaves
are scatter'd,

And in the winds an inner voice for ever sighs and
grieves ;

When the lime-tree sheds its glory like an emerald
palace shattered,

And summer dies in red and gold amid her fallen
leaves :

Then in the poet's bosom all the chords of life are
ringing ;

Though Nature fades, her life and light are coursing
through his veins,

And all the joyous summer birds within his heart are
singing,

So he, for very need, must sing to ease his happy
pains.

B

What visions float before him while the mellow year is
turning,
And fancy brings again to life the months whose
bloom is shed !
The glory of more heavens than one seems in their sun-
shine burning ;
No lilies ever seemed so white, no roses seemed so
red.

And thus the past is glorified like some peculiar treasure
Brought from a region far away whose cities rise in
dreams ;
When Memory strikes her golden chords, we live a
larger measure
Of all the glory round us spread in foliage, flowers,
and beams.

The red life beats in every pulse, the winds of glad
emotion
Are blowing through the poet's soul, and stir the
tides of Song ;
From infinite to infinite, across life's troubled ocean,
Fresh visions rise through golden clouds, and swiftly
pass along.

The soul of joy in Nature, and the wild fantastic
measures

To which she sets her music when the cloudy trumpets
blow ;

The crystal flashing of the stars, the wealth of flowery
treasures,

The pomp of flying clouds above, the sparkling waves
below,—

The many-coloured glory spread beneath or flying
o'er us,

The silent joy of sunshine, and the flash of burnished
wings,

The mystery and wonder of the everlasting chorus,

In harmonies of life and light which all creation sings :

Such fill the past with music still, and so the soul
rejoices

To strike a chord in unison with Nature's glorious
strains ;

Oh ! who could live in silence 'mid the tumult of such
voices ?

Although whoever would create must burn with god-
like pains.

Such fill the past with music still, though autumn winds
are sighing,
And summer, with its golden noons and depth of
mellow eves,
Died on the bosom of the year when all the flowers were
dying,
Though still its sunshine seems embalmed in wreaths
of yellow leaves.

So while the day is fading, and yon phantom orb in
heaven
Appears dethroned for ever as the lord of golden
noons,
Mab's chariot we enter, and to magic climes are driven,
Where fairy days to fairy nights are linked by silver
moons.

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT IN NATURE.

FAIRYLAND.

THERE's a gossamer world where everything fair
Is mimicked from ocean, earth, and air ;
Where the vapours sleep and the moonbeams shine,
And the flowers are like gems from a fairy mine ;
Where the stars are spangled in luminous mist,
Like jewels of gold set in amethyst ;
The verdure and grass wear the emerald's hue,
And the air is refreshed with the honey dew ;
It never is night, and it never is day,
In the land that is near or far away.
There little elves to the tourney ride
On lizards decked out in trappings of pride,

And fairy Beauties choose for their bower
The fold of the leaf or the cup of the flower.
There are harmless goblins, too, that in size
Measure half a foot between the eyes ;
For every form of existence there
Is wondrous ugly or wondrous fair.

There are rainbows hung round the eaves of the sky,
Neither ruby nor opal can match their dye ;
All the colours of earth are in marriage given,
And those beautiful bows are the brides of heaven.
There the throstle chants and the nightingale sings,
And the insect flits upon jewelled wings ;
There the glow-worm burns in its emerald light,
Like star-dust dropped from the vault of night.
There are wondrous harmonies floating around,
And notes that flit past you like jewels of sound ;
There are chords in the waters and chords in the air,
For music's the soul of everything fair ;
Through emerald solitudes starry founts spring
Whose waters burst forth on the rainbow's wing ;
Man comes not near, so the fairies and elves
Have this beautiful country all to themselves.

There woman is fairest of all things fair,
An Iris-being of light and air ;

She is purged of the stains that to us are given,
What she loses of earth she gains of Heaven.
Her lustrous eye is a gem of delight
That languishes ever in dewy light ;
Its dark is so dark, or its blue so blue,
And her butterfly soul is shining through ;
The music of motion around her swims,
And the fairest elements play in her limbs ;
The sparkle of waters, the hues of the sky,
The glitter of insects that flash as they fly,
The magic and music of golden sound
In her arms, in her neck, in her ankles are bound :
All sweetest vibrations and murmuring delight
Are mantling her motions, and play into light.

It happened once in the daffodil time—
For they reckon by flowers in the fairy clime—
That the Fairies assembled from grove and bower
To hold the Masque of the Leaf and Flower :
'Tis the festival that Chaucer sings
With such honey of life in his golden strings.
They hold that festival once a-year,
When the fresh new buds of the spring appear ;
For the crocus had blossomed like bubbles of gold
Just rising to burst o'er the dewy mould.

The crocus was gone, and the peony came,
'Mid its green leaves glowing like balls of flame ;
The oak-tree fed through its bursting buds,
And the buttercup opened its amber studs ;
All the forest was drinking in calm delight
The sweets of the air and the glories of light.

For the Starry Twins had chased the Bull,
And the moon was gathering near the full,
When the Fairies to Oberon's palace came,
With the elves and satyrs wild and tame,
Processions of knights and ladies gay
Strewn thick as motes in the sunny ray ;
They rode, they flew, and danced along,
And filled the air full of glitter and song.
Here a little elf on a lizard will ride,
Or harness a hedgehog for feats of pride ;
Another in fury is lashing a snail
Till he gallops along in his emerald mail,
Or, dismounting in anger, the laggard he scorns,
And drags him about by the leathern horns ;
The frogs and the toads are spurred to the race,
Till they puff and blow, and are red in the face ;
Their gold spots are changing to green as they go ;
How they quiver and puff, how they snort and blow !

♦

Some ride on a linnet, and some on a jay,
And others on hedgehogs are plodding their way.

Thus they came to the City of Soul's Delight—
The city was sleeping in rosy light—
The spirit of Nature, working through stone,
In its fairy architecture shone.
What beauty, what riches, what splendour were there,
The reflection made rainbows spring through the air;
The mansions were mostly of jasper built,
And the very paving stones were gilt.
What a wilderness of flowers and stems
Branched into gold and blossomed in gems!
Tall spire and golden battlement rose,
Hushed deep in Nature's virgin repose.

See the rainbow arches springing through air,
Beneath roofs that burn with the riches they bear;
There are columns whose capitals alone
Would make upon earth a monarch's throne;
What beauty, what motion, what life you may see
There frozen in diamond tracery!
And the fount as it springs, and the fount as it falls,
Breaks the gorgeous sweep of jasper halls.
Ten roods, at least, of enchanted ground
That city's walls encircled round;

All dazzlingly soft in the fair moonbeams,
It shone like a city built of dreams ;
It was walled amid gardens full of spice,
Whose very airs made Paradise ;
And a river reflected its shining walls
Amid golden eddies, breaks, and falls :
For when Nature dreamed, in her dreams she planned
The brightness and beauty of Fairyland.

KING OBERON'S COURT.*

IN the banquet and revel round Oberon's throne
The riches and beauty of Fairyland shone ;
On the flash of gold wings rose the cups to their
wishes,

And invisible hands strewed the tables with dishes ;
The air seemed to burn with small meteors at play,
As the goblets approached or went sparkling away.
Such nectar as feasted both senses and soul,
Like liquified sunshine, appeared in each bowl ;
'Twas the wine of Elysium, brewed in the skies,
And distilled through the rainbow till mixed with
its dyes.

Some fed upon perfumes, refreshed through their noses
Each hour by a whiff of the Otto of 'Roses ;

* Oberon and Titania, the King and Queen of Fairyland.—See "The Midsummer Night's Dream."

And some Beauties maintained an ethereal presence
On violets or pansies refined to an essence.
Oberon lolled on his seat, a diminutive Jove,
And each cup, as he drained it, was wafted above ;
The least wave of his sceptre the banquet would
bring ;
With less power it were scarcely worth while to be king.
The throne that he sat on was wondrously rare,
As if out of a rainbow you fashioned a chair,
And starred it with rubies that kindled each other,
With opals beside them like sister and brother ;
Its gold was concealed by the costliest stones,
And it stood on four legs like a monarch of thrones ;
Had a mortal sat on it, he had but to rise,
When the thing would have shuddered, and fled to the
skies.

The Queen, with sweet majesty, moved to her place,
Thrice a queen in her symmetry, beauty, and grace ;
Like a fountain whose waves sparkle out as they roll,
The music of motion flowed out of her soul ;
Her face was angelic, and womanly too,
Not so much of a queen, but the woman shone through.
Though the jewelled gold fettered the gold of her
hair,
Beauty crowned her as fairest, and queen of the fair ;

Her robe floated down from a star on her breast
Made of jewels whose lustre was never at rest ;
Her vest was of silk, but the gems of her zone
Were lost or eclipsed in the blaze of her throne ;
Like fire clasping snow, shone her bracelets and rings,
And her robes were embroidered with butterflies' wings.
Like a torch lit by love, Oberon sat by her side,
All burning with jewels, all glowing with pride ;
He had drunk three convolvulus cups full of wine,
And the liquor was strong, though its soul was divine.
He nodded, he winked, he felt brimming with bliss :
But who'd be a monarch such rapture to miss,
When a wish brought the cup, or a wish bade it fly
To form a new sign 'mid the stars of the sky ?

Like colours that mingle and flash as they flow,
Like waters that sparkle and dash as they go,
The Fairies were dancing to magical sound
That now breathed from the roof, now arose from the
ground—

For music, sweet music, seemed ever to roll
Through that palace ; it breathed like its breathing soul.
O'er the roof, all the gems in star-tracery wrought
Were winking like stars as the music they caught ;
In the air, too, some Fairies were dancing in rings,
Scarce larger than moths seemed the small elfin things ;

Like a ribbon of flame when you whirl round a brand,
They whirled and they danced, and they spun hand in
hand.

Here were sager Court Beauties, who sought to refine
On old manners by mixing new scandals with wine ;
Each backbiting tale—'tis the law of the place—
Stamped a wrinkle at once on the slanderer's face.
Thus they feasted three days in King Oberon's hall,
And the masque and the tourney came after the ball.

The floor was gemmed over with mosaic flowers,
As freshly as if they had fallen in showers ;
The Fairies were seated, the King in his place,
And before the throne was an open space,
When a strange procession came filing past,
With the clamour of trumpets, blast on blast ;
Three heralds burning in crimson and gold,
The silver sounds from their clarions rolled.
'Twas Elfelda who came in her ivory car,
Each wheel was a moonstone the size of a star ;
The axles were gold, and wherever it came,
The air burned with the jewels that burned in its frame.
Though the regions of Elfland acknowledged her power,
She could almost repose in the cup of a flower ;
Her robes were moths' wings, and the crown that she wore
Had been worn on an emperor's finger before.

The voices were hushed in King Oberon's hall
By the exquisite charms of a princess so small;
Her white elfin horses wore stars on their crests,
And circles of rubies surrounded their breasts;
The Queen took her hand as if plucking a flower,
And the Fairies sang round her that beauty is power;
As Oberon gazed on her, she blushed in her charms,
And hid her sweet shame in Titania's arms.

Then the tumult of trumpets again filled the place,
Till the cheeks of each blower stood out from his face.
In a chariot of sunbeams Queen Mab* reached the door,
With a long team of dragon-flies harnessed before.
She was clothed with the iris, that changeling of light,
And a swarm of ghost-moths followed fast in her flight;
Her crown scattered light like gold-dust on her hair,
And its shape was a crescent expiring in air.
Thus she drives in her state through the icy moon-
beams,
And rules in our slumber the empire of dreams;
As the keys that wake music are touched by the hand,
Our passions are stirred by the touch of her wand.

* Queen Mab, one of the principal Fairies, though not the Queen of Fairyland. According to Shakspeare, her kingdom is in dreamland.— See "Romeo and Juliet," i. 4.

Thus she sports, it is said, with our pleasure or pain,
Till we live our emotions in sleep once again.

Oberon hailed her with pleasure, and reached her a
throne,

For chairs in his palace were almost unknown.

Then the King of the Gnomes rode in state to the door,
His own jewels, like armour, encrusted him o'er ;

He left his gold car, and came into the hall,
And stood blinking in state in the midst of them all ;
His kingdom was hid in the regions of night,
Where the ruby and emerald treasure their light.

Puck, the spirit of mischief and sport, next appeared ;
The old satyr he rode on he reined by the beard ;

The Fairies applauded, and Oberon laughed,
Till foam flew in gold rings from the goblet he quaffed.

Ariel* slid down a rainbow, a pigmy in size,
And next ordered it back to its place in the skies.

Then the elves and the goblins surrounded the door,
And the space was broad grins from the roof to the
floor ;

What a mouthing of chaps, what a pricking of ears !
Their eyes danced in light like the dance of the spheres.
With the hall in full session, the minstrelsy came
And filled their small trumps with a tempest of fame ;

* Ariel, a spirit rather than a fairy. His dominion is in the air.—See
"The Tempest."

When a thousand gold harps scattered bliss from their
strings,

You could count every plume as it danced in their
wings.

Oh, how mellow the rapture that burned in the air !
How it tingled like fire in your cheeks and your hair !

Then the sweet heaven of Music encircled them round,
'Twas the azure of bliss, 'twas the star-dust of sound ;
All golden vibrations that melt into feeling,
At once through their souls and their senses were
stealing ;

What garlands of melody wreathed out of notes
That might have come bubbling from nightingales'
throats !

Like dew through the moonlight descended the song,
As the minstrels enraptured the listening throng.
But how fruitless to paint that assembly's delight,
Though one had an iris for pencil to write !

They hymned the bright blossoms, the firstlings of
Spring,
Which Nature drops down like gold plumes from her
wing ;

C

Daisies, buttercups, Mayflowers, the meadow's gay
throng,

They enshrined in the sweetness and pathos of song ;
The leaves of the forest that earliest appear,

Thrice welcome as greening the front of the year ;
To their minstrelsy, constant as birds to their bowers,
Of Nature they sang in buds, foliage, and flowers.

They sang of the crocus, that starts from the ground
As when a new planet in heaven has been found ;

The primrose so yellow, the violet so blue,

They sang, and 'tis said that they worshipped them too ;

The daisy, that springs from the sod at our feet ;

And they rang the refrain, "'Tis so sweet, 'tis so sweet."

FAIRY MINSTRELSY.

THE RICHES OF FAIRYLAND.

THE musk-rose springs in the gardens of kings,
And the lily grows by the lake,
And the zephyr swells through the hyacinth bells,
Till they dance to the music they make.
On his pillar of stone, like a king on his throne,
The peacock sits and turns ;
He spreads to the day his plumage gay,
That with rubies and emeralds burns.
But what is peacock, or plumes, or flowers,
Compared with the glitter of fairy bowers ?

Like the gems that shine from a fairy mine
Are the flowers that deck the mould ;
They are Nature's themes in her passionate dreams,
When she dreams in purple and gold.

The coronal gems of the diadems
That light the brows of kings,
Or the rainbows of stones that garnish their thrones,
Or the flash of the Huma's* wings;—
All these, though brilliant, cannot compare
With the lovely things that task our care.

See the jewels that rest upon Beauty's breast,
In warmth and bliss they lie;
Like waves, they rise on a storm of sighs
When passion is sweeping by.
Her eyes and lips may those gems eclipse,
However bright and rare;
While butterfly Loves, like diminutive doves,
Climb through her golden hair;—
But these are nought to the fairy charms
Of the little Beauties we fold in our arms.

Our fairy bowers have more beautiful flowers
Than ever on earth were known;
Our king is the rarest, our queen is the fairest,
That ever sat on a throne.

* Huma, or Humma, the Eastern bird of royalty. Every head that it overshadows will wear a crown.

And when we ride at Hallowmas tide
 Beneath the yellow moon,
What melody swells from our horses' bells
 Because they ring in tune,
Going tink-a-tink at our bridle reins,
And sounding, too, from our horses' manes!

The rainbow seems 'a bridge of sunbeams,
 And its glory burns so bright,
Its woven zones are like precious stones
 Built up in an arch of light.
Whate'er it appears, 'tis but light and tears,
 And such is the human race;
But our being springs upon joyous wings
 As butterfly joys we chase.
Long live the odour, the smile, and the gem,
And the loves that brighten and hallow them!

The Fairies applauded, and scattered around
A tempest of buttercups over the ground;
Thus they marked the enchantment of melody's power,
And told their delight in the bud or the flower.
Oberon felt such a glow through his shoulders and wings,
That he seemed like a god 'mid a senate of kings;
And Titania blushed with such fairy-like grace,
That her butterfly soul sparkled out through her face.

The music was hushed, but the spirit was there
That had winged golden ecstasies into the air ;
And the smile and the blush followed fast on the sigh,
As Love feathered his shafts with the fringe of each eye.
A hundred sweet wishes, like birds in their nest,
Were fluttering to life in each delicate breast,
When the harpers struck in with a lustier strain,
And drowned for a moment both passion and pain.*

THE MASQUE OF FLOWERS.

A rainbow crowd of butterflies were going to a ball,
Some were clothed in robes of gold-dust, and some in
 velvet pall ;
They had crowns the size of pin-heads, like little queens
 and kings,
And shining stars of diamond-dust were scattered o'er
 their wings.
There was fairy White and fairy Gold, and fairy Red
 and Blue,
Like sparkles in the sunshine, they glittered as they flew :

* The narrative connecting the lyrical pieces is dropped for a time, to avoid repetition.

So they reached a shining palace, and went up diamond
stairs ;

'Twas music, music everywhere, the winds played golden
airs.

It was a royal palace with a crown of shining towers,
For there in light and splendour lived the king and
queen of flowers ;

Inlaid with gems of iris hues, like mirrors shone the
floors,

And a band of elves with crocus crowns were porters at
the doors.

On honeysuckle bugles, lo ! the heralds blew a blast,
And the portals flew asunder with music as they passed ;
As the portals fell asunder, what splendour shone
around,

In rows of golden pillars with diamond chaplets crowned !

Through rows of golden columns they passed into the
hall,

'Twas filled with royal splendour, and wall reflected wall ;
With jasper, agate, gold, and pearls, the lofty ceiling
shone,

And in a crimson-dyed alcove the king sat on his throne.

The king sat on his royal throne in glory and in pride,
And in surpassing loveliness the queen sat by his
side ;

A red rose wrought in gems and gold the king wore on
his head—

A rose with ruby petals gemmed, and emerald mixed
with red.

And storms of gorgeous music swept up the diamond
stairs,

And every wind that smote the towers was set to golden
airs ;

And perfume through the roof distilled, and airs on
odorous wings,

As once in proud Granada's halls, the home of Moorish
kings.

Each lady sighed in attar-gul, or wept in honey-dew,

For these were Elves* of all the flowers of pale or
gorgeous hue ;

For Lily, Rose, and Hollyhock were bidden to the
ball,

And Crocus elves and Snowdrop elves were crowding in
the hall.

* That each flower has its peculiar elf is a fancy lately naturalised
among us by Andersen's stories.

And some wore chaplets of pale gold, and some wore
diadems,

Shaped like their special flowers, and starred with
crystals, pearls, and gems ;

A score of little Crocus elves were dancing in a ring—
They danced to fairy minstrelsy, to please the queen and
king ;

They were clothed in robes of diamond-dust, with ladies
by their sides,

And next came troops of Lily elves, as beautiful as
brides ;

Small forms of grace and loveliness swept o'er the
diamond floors,

And Primrose elves and Violet elves were crowding
round the doors.

At length the little butterflies approached the Rose
Elf's throne ;

How like a glorious rose it seemed, each leaf a precious
stone !

The king stepped down to welcome them, in gold and
crimson dressed,

His heart was like a red-rose leaf that fluttered in his
breast.

On four-and-twenty little thrones about the size of peas,
But made of sparkling rubies, sat the butterflies at ease ;

And so the ball went on apace more merrily than before,
And music wrought with dancing sounds the figures on
the floor.

Thus in the Rose Elf's palace were assembled all the
flowers,

But Ragweed elves and Thistle elves were flying o'er
the towers ;

The buttercups and marigolds came dressed in golden
crowns,

And troops of scarlet poppies too came flaunting from
the downs ;

There came the little celandine that stars the bleak
March gale,

The cowslip and the primrose in their hidden gold so
pale ;

The tulips and the hyacinths in clans came to the ball,
And families of violets and pansies filled the hall.

There too the wood anemone, just like a gipsy, came,
The Mayflower and the orchis bloom that turns the
mead to flame ;

There too the modest meadow-sweet came in its rich
perfume,

The periwinkle entered next pirouetting through the
room ;

The wild pink and carnation, the hollyhock and vine,
Came rather late, and somewhat flushed with colour or
with wine ;
And thus they danced in mingling trains with sprightli-
ness and grace,
Till rainbows made of moving hues went circling through
the place.

The king and queen and all the guests at length sat
down to dine—
They dined on lily pollen, washed down with primrose
wine ;
And then on wings came fairy cups that smelt of honey
dew—
Just at a wish, along the board or round your head they
flew.
The hall was filled with music, and the air was filled
with light,
They feasted through the soul, and veins, and nerves,
and touch, and sight ;
Each hour in golden sands of time flashed merrily away,
For Time laid by his crooked glass, and joined the
dance and play.

So all the little butterflies remained in fairy bowers,
They sat down at the monarch's board, and graced the
Masque of Flowers ;

The world, alas ! was far too rough to hold such fairy things,
Made of star-dust or of gold-dust, hung between a pair of wings ;
They lived in joy, and when they died left baby-grubs behind,
That soon would turn to butterflies, and sparkle in the wind.
Now there are children's children, although the sires are dead,
There's fairy White, and fairy Gold, and fairy Blue and Red.

SIR ROSE THE RED AND THE FAIR LILY.

Sir Rose was a lover, so list to his wooing,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
The Lily a maiden whom he was pursuing,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

The maiden was shy and the maiden was chilly,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
Her mother had been a water-lily,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

Sir Rose by a lordly tower was growing,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
And the Lily grew where a river was flowing,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

Sir Rose he burned with a tender passion,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
And he showed his heart, as was once the fashion,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

As he gazed on the Lily's delicate chalice,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
He asked her to come and live in his palace,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

She turned from the Rose's bold words with a shiver,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
And vowed she would drown herself first in the river,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

He sent her a valentine next by a linnet,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
And the reddest leaf from his heart was in it,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

He winged her some butterfly loves in his sighing,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
And vowed for his Lily's dear sake he was dying,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

The Lily was cold and the Lily was cruel,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
Her coldness but added fire to his fuel,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

She threw his valentine into the river,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
And vowed she would live a maiden for ever,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

The stars that shone by night in the water,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
Wooed the Water Lily for her daughter,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

So the Lily pined for a heavenly lover,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
Whose rank and station were far above her,
And the fairy bells are ringing in tune.

One morn the Queen in her garden was straying,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
And her daughter among the roses was playing,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

A golden song through the flowers was ringing,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
For the maiden's whole heart flowed out in her
singing,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

She plucked the rose as soon as she spied it,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
And placed the delicate lily beside it,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

Sir Rose he burned and blushed with rapture,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon ;
But the Lily grew pale, and wept for her capture,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

The maiden smothered them with her caresses,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
Then wreathed them both in her golden tresses,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

And such is the power of love in the lover,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
That the Rose soon won the Lily over,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

And such is the power of present rapture,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
That the Lily wept, but blessed her capture,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

The Lily forgot the stars in the river,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
And gave her heart to the Rose for ever,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

The bride was covered with dew and blushes,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
And her couch was spread by the larks and thrushes,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

While the larks and thrushes her couch were spread-
ing,
Sing, heigho ! buttercups under the moon,
The wrens and goldfinches danced at the wedding,
And the fairy bells were ringing in tune.

FAIRY RINGS.

See the little emerald billow,
As along the mead you pass,
Dainty as an infant's pillow,
Couched upon the dewy grass ;
Orchis shining, cowslips glancing,
Gem the turf with red and gold,
There the Fairies have been dancing
In the moonlight o'er the mould.

Where the grass is freshly growing,
As in verdure round a spring,
Little twinkling feet were going,
Dancing in the Fairy Ring ;
Floating forms and wondrous graces,
Tresses dripping in the dew,
In the grass they left their traces
Where in circles round they flew.

Bliss of motion, grace of gesture !
There they danced in rings of white ;
Floating form and waving vesture,
Flashing in the dewy light.

D

There, their twinkling crowns were glancing,
Swift as fire-flies on the wing,
And their little feet in dancing
Spun like jewels in a ring.

THE FUNERAL OF COCK ROBIN.

The tempest came down with a groan and a shiver,
And whitened the reeds, though it darkened the river ;
To the four points of heaven the sere leaves were flying,
When cold on the gravel Cock Robin lay dying.
The red shield on his breast that an angel might carry,
Or an elf bear aloft into regions more starry,
Was faded in lustre and frayed by the weather ;
His tail, too, was reft of its choicest cock-feather ;
Then Puck felt his pulse, but there was not a throb in
The heart or the body of little Cock Robin.

So the Fairies by moonlight came tripping in order,
To bury his corpse in a daffodil border ;
It lay where the garden was fringing the river,
And the winds in the reeds would sing masses for ever.
They had ghost-moths for mourners, and fire-flies for
candles,
And his coffin was cedar, with ivory handles ;

Their cousins, the gnomes, in the hill-sides had made it,
And then with a wreath of rich jewels inlaid it.
Such grandeur might well have awakened a throb in
The icy-cold pulses of little Cock Robin.

A shield in red gems on the coffin-lid glistened,
Inscribed with his age and the year he was christened ;
He had a green shroud, made of dock-leaves, spread
 round him,
And with a fresh circle of daisies they crowned him ;
On a car of red gold to the graveyard they bore him,
And harnessed four hedgehogs in couples before him ;
To sad music they marched, with the slowest of paces,
And the Fairy folk followed with gloom on their faces,
Because that sweet music would never more throb in
The throat or the bosom of little Cock Robin.

The breezes were sobbing, the breezes were sighing,
And the last speck of gold on the brown leaf was dying ;
So they made him a grave where the moonbeams were
 shining,
And the daffodil roots were with lilies entwining ;
There they laid down his body to darken and moulder,
While the world for his loss would grow sadder and
 colder ;

And they planted, in wreaths o'er his ashes to clamber,
The emerald moss that is turning to amber :
There he slumbers in peace while the winter winds
sob in
The tall hemlock stalks, and lament for Cock Robin.

ALL ON A GOLDEN TIME.

Three honey-bees went forth a-Maying,
All on a golden time,
With their chanters filled and music playing,
In morning's rosy prime.

They flew along till they reached a river,
All on a golden time ;
But the waters were cold, and made them shiver,
In morning's rosy prime.

"Yonder," said one, "is a field of clover,
All on a golden time ;
But my wings will scarcely carry me over,
In morning's rosy prime.

"I shall faint in the grass, I feel so chilly,
All on a golden time ;
I must have a sip at a rose or a lily,
In morning's rosy prime."

The dew was cold, and the wind was moaning,
All on a golden time ;
The bees flew low, and their pipes were droning,
In morning's rosy prime.

Puck sat in a screen of hazel bushes,
All on a golden time,
For he loved to hear the larks and thrushes,
In morning's rosy prime.

He turned about when he heard the humming,
All on a golden time ;
"I should know that tune, 'The Campbells are
In morning's rosy prime." [Coming,

"Good morning, sir," said the foremost rover,
All on a golden time ;
"Will you help three wandering minstrels over,
In morning's rosy prime?"

The air was cold, and the waves were chilly,
All on a golden time ;
So the four set sail on a floating lily,
In morning's rosy prime.

The minstrels played while Puck was rowing,
All on a golden time ;
But the passage was rough, for the wind was blowing,
In morning's rosy prime.

They sailed along in the lily's chalice,
All on a golden time ;
It floated just like an ivory palace,
In morning's rosy prime.

They sailed through a silver break in the river,
All on a golden time,
When the vessel gave a lurch and a shiver,
In morning's rosy prime.

The boat was upset, and turned quite over,
All on a golden time ;
So they never reached the field of clover,
In morning's rosy prime.

They went to the bottom with Puck's good wishes,
All on a golden time ;
And their bodies and bagpipes went to the fishes,
In morning's rosy prime.

Puck flew through the air in waves of laughter,
All on a golden time ;
And the larks and the linnets flew wondering after,
In morning's rosy prime.

THE WORLD WITHIN THE OCEAN.

Down beneath the emerald waves are groves of coral
gleaming,
Down beneath the jasper reefs the spangled shells are
beaming ;
Golden bowers and fairy halls are hid beneath the ocean,
Where rainbow fronds and starry flowers are constantly
in motion.

The ocean floor is strewn with rays from many a costly
treasure,
Where diamonds, pearls, and emeralds are scattered
without measure ;

The gold is heaped in sand-hills, where the pale sea-
flowers are growing,
And through the ribs of treasure-ships the sea is ever
flowing.

And dragon scales and golden mails round hideous life
are flashing,
And there's a whirlpool in the deep around some monster
lashing,
And there are things with lightning tongues that scatter
death in stinging,
And mermaid shapes that still the waves with ecstasies
of singing.

And there are forms like moons and stars on phosphor
pinions gleaming,
The sunfish and the rayfish in the purple landscape
beaming ;
What fires of life are burning there, what serpent splen-
dours twining,
Sea-glories that in shining live, grow brighter for their
shining.

The sea-weed like a maiden's hair beneath the tide is
waving,
And coral whiter than her breast the surf is ever laving ;

A thousand things with rainbow wings are evermore in
motion,
The world above is not so strange as the world within
the ocean.

The purple landscape waves with gold beneath the
emerald water,
And strewn beneath are helms and spears, the spoils of
wreck and slaughter,
And seamen's skulls within whose cups are pearls and
jewels hiding,
And skeleton ribs where in and out are finny reptiles
gliding.

And shells there are—such wondrous shells!—in gold
and purple glowing,
As if a star were hid in each, and through its spots
o'erflowing ;
Whene'er you put them to your ear, you hear the ocean
singing,
A fairy lute is hid in each, and constantly is ringing.

And there are mighty conchs of gold that glow with
hidden treasure,
In which a hundred little elves might feast and dance at
pleasure ;

With flights of spiral stairs that lead around an ivory
palace,
Like starry grots and spangled bowers within the lily's
chalice.

And there is life that scarcely lives, nerves gathered
round a centre,
Through which the light can pass almost as readily as
enter ;
The octopus that cups your skin till the nerve beneath
it tingles,
And plants that feed, and jelly-fish that cling about the
shingles.

What forms uncouth, what magic scenes, oh, what a
world of wonder
Is at our feet where ocean rolls in sunbeams and in
thunder !
Forms stranger than decay can paint, the wrecks of old
creations,
Life growing into newer life through myriads of pulsa-
tions.

Far down beneath the emerald waves are meads of sea-
flowers blowing,
Far down beside the jasper reefs are fairy forests
growing ;

The sea's a mine of molten gems in light and liquid motion,
The world above is not so strange as the world within the ocean.

GOSSAMER.

When the Summer is dying, we weave her a shroud,
And fetter her limbs in the gossamer cloud ;
Like the glimmer of moonshine you see as you pass
Its diamond patterns spread o'er the grass ;
In tremulous motion they're scattered around,
And lo ! sudden glory springs over the ground ;
To the furze bush so golden and rank in its pride,
In millions of star-points those fetters are tied ;
From Nature's glad heart come the sportive designs,
As in magic and light float the gossamer lines.

There's a spirit in Nature, a soul of delight,
That finds its expression in music and light ;
From morning till eve, the whole summer-day long,
All things speak to each other in sparkle and song ;
But such frolic and sport are wrought under the moon,
As the sun dare not view in his high court at noon.

As the gossamer floats, we must tie up the lines
Like rays of the crystal in starry designs ;
Just as if the vibrations of light and of sound
Were frozen in patterns and spread o'er the ground.

And, see, o'er the gossamer threads as they lie
The dewdrops are trembling like stars in a sky ;
What motion and light fill each miniature sphere,
Each dewdrop's a world, with an hour for its year ;
See a million lines waving and sparkling in light,
As they float like a mist or a cloud to the sight.
And the dewdrops are burning in emerald fires,
And those lines are the chords of a thousand bright
lyres ;
By moonlight the magic of Nature is spun,
And at morn is dissolved by a glance of the sun.

MAYFLOWERS.*

A thousand fairy dishes, all made of virgin gold,
Are lying thick as star-dust upon the verdant mould ;

* In Ireland, the marsh marigold is generally called the Mayflower. It presents a splendid appearance in marshy meadows during May, and well merits the name of Mayflower.

They shine along the hollows where the greenest
herbage springs,
And the mosses they embroider, making cushions fit for
kings.

How they sparkle, how they cluster, in the freshest
living green !
If they rise to grace a banquet, such a banquet ne'er
was seen ;
When the moon has pearled the dewdrops, and the
ghostly mists embrace,
O'er the earth will steal enchantment, and a spell o'er
Nature's face.

For the Fairy world on May-eve o'er Nature holds such
power,
That little elves and goblins swing round each plant and
flower ;
And by the rainbow people such wondrous feats are
wrought,
As even to imagine would entangle human thought.

The empty shell the snail has left will like a castle shine,
And last year's blackened cherry-stone will seem a cask
of wine ;

Like golden dishes on the board the Mayflowers will
appear,
Filled to the rim with luscious meats and bits of dainty
cheer.

Yes, richest meats and dainty draughts will fill each
little bowl,
And roasted snails will seem as large as oxen roasted
whole ;
And cups made of anemones that fringe the woodland
stream,
Will sparkle up with sundew, or the froth of snow-white
cream.

And trooping through the hollows will come hosts of
fairy things
That fly upon their legs outstretched, or run upon their
wings ;
While, creeping low among the grass, faint wreaths of
sound will breathe,
Because in very sympathy the soil is stirred beneath.

Some will come masking in moth's heads and some in
dormice skins,
And some will wear the reptile's jaws, or fishes' heads
and fins ;

Some crawl into the lizard's coat, some flash in jewels
bright,
Cut from the eyes of dragon-flies, and filled with golden
light.

And long before the moon goes down the glow-worms
will be lit,
And minstrel gnats will play all night in many a merry fit,
In honour of the Mayflower, and the flowers that deck
her court ;
And when the fairy feast is o'er, there will be wondrous
sport.

Wreathed arms, and legs, and wings, and hair, they'll
float towards the skies, [arise,
Or, like a crown above the trees, mock rainbows will
Or through the mists, like falling leaves, they'll tumble
to the ground
With little shrieks and laughter, but in wreaths of muffled
sound.

Between the suns that set and rise, through all the long
May night, [rite ;
The Mayflowers thus are ushered in with many a jocund
At morn a thousand fairy cups, all made of virgin gold,
Lie scattered thick as star-dust upon the verdant mould.

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT IN NATURE.

Yes, Nature is sparkling with frolic and grace,
And sings at her task without sorrow or care ;
The meteor will puff till he's red in the face,
The bat weave his circles, and swing in the air.
Pure joy seems to feather the goldfinch's wings,
And the lark is dissolving in music and light ;
In star-dust and gold-dust the butterfly springs,
And the air is alive with the raptures of flight.

The winds are the chords of a wonderful lyre
That Nature has tuned to a strain of her own ;
There's the music of motion in water and fire,
And colour's bright harmonies flash from the stone.
There are phantasies also in colour and sound,
And the spirit of frolic in outline and grace ;
What dreams beyond fancy in Nature are found,
From the worm to the sunbeam that flashes through
space !

THE GLADNESS OF SPRING.

What joy is in motion, what bliss is in power,
With the spring in the sap, and the bloom on the flower ;
All the chords of existence with music are ringing,
As if the earth's being depended on singing.

With hearts full of Spring come the blackbird and
thrush,
And weave golden ecstacies round every bush ;
While with colour, and motion, and rapture, and flight,
There scarcely is room for more beauty or light.

Soon in feathers of green or in blossoms of gold,
You will see the fresh sap that stirs under the mould ;
For a spirit of light walks abroad with the showers,
And the earth mocks the sky with its rainbows of
flowers.

The trees with their leaves like green fountains o'erflow,
And dance into light as the warmer winds blow ;
The fire of its bloom-buds enkindles the spray,
And the waters are filled with the presence of day.

All Nature is glad through her myriads of veins,
And the power of the skies has passed into the plains ;
The rainbows descend like the chariots of Heaven,
And the light of one sun is as glorious as seven.
Each flower with its chalice of purple or white
Is linked to the sun by the magic of light ;
The grub in its shroud, and the worm in its rings,
From the sunshine are drawing both colour and wings.

All Nature is glad when the Spring is returning,
And the air into quicker vibrations is burning ;

In mingling enchantments of colour and sound
The soul of the winds has passed into the ground.
Like a bride of the sun shines the earth through her
bowers,

And the Spring is her golden betrothal of flowers ;
There are motions of gladness about the green earth,
And joys just embodied that spring into birth.

From its chrysalis-bud, like a blossom of light,
The butterfly bursts into crimson or white ;
And Nature is moulding a fairy-like frame
Round a sparkle of light or an atom of flame.
A thousand strange insects come half-way from death,
By the sunshine enkindled to motion and breath ;
The frog and the lizard are more than alive,
And the mutinous bees storm the golden hive.

Then away to the woodland, away to the heath !
There is glory above us, and gladness beneath ;
Our youth is renewed with the childhood of flowers,
And Nature has balm for restoring our powers.
The earth, like a thing half-enchanted, is breathing,
And the winds with the leaves are fresh coronals
wreathing ;
A finer existence shoots into our veins
From the azure of heaven, as it broods o'er the plains.

THE CROCUS.

Like fairy gold found when the daylight is breaking,
And gossamer glories are fading away,
The crocus appears, through the cold earth awaking,
The first diamond of Spring* pointing up through the
clay.

In Nature's first flush comes such gladness and singing,
The very earth stirs in pulsations of gold ;
And if we could hear, there are fairy notes ringing,
And gentle vibrations even under the mould.

Nothing truly is silent, all things are in motion ;
What quick'ning and yearning stir Nature's vast frame !
'Tis the same in the dewdrop, the star, and the ocean,
The same spirit vibrates in the frost and the flame.

Even the beetle will flash on a gem for a pinion,
In a sparkle of gold-dust the butterfly springs,
And the bee shakes in light o'er his little dominion,
As if melting away into sapphire rings.

* The snowdrop, being considered a pearl among flowers, could not be called the first diamond of spring.

Little glow-worm of flowers ! how it comes in its season,
Though its rays have been set for the rest of the year ;
But the March moon is growing, and it would be treason,
When the snowdrop is gone, should it fail to appear.

Before the full concert of Nature is ringing,
The crocus comes forth in the prelude of Spring ;
Then Nature's whole heart warbles forth in her singing,
And if the green leaves had a voice they would sing.

PUCK'S* ADVENTURES.

'Twas down in Somersetshire,
The winds of March were blowing,
They never seemed to tire ;
Like armies going and going,
The rooks were flying in crowds,
And the leafless tree-tops swaying ;
There was pomp in the flying clouds,
And in windy trumpets braying.

* Puck, or Robin Goodfellow, an inferior fairy, the spirit of sport and mischief among fairies in general. He is gifted with wonderful powers of transformation—powers of which, according to Shakspeare, he makes most amazing use. He is jester to Oberon. His character, as drawn by himself, will be found in the "Midsummer Night's Dream," and in a poem in Percy's collection. He is also known as Will-o'-the-Wisp.

There was a crazy mill
Beside a sheet of water,
Where oft I met on the hill
With Cis, the miller's daughter.
I seemed a country clown,
Fit only to be flouted,
For my coat was russet brown,
And my hob-nailed shoes were clouted.
For another lover she sighed,
Who was the lord of the village;
A wretch who owned in pride
His acres of wood and tillage.
One evening I saw him pass
Towards the mill in the hollow,
So I changed him into an ass,
And watched for what would follow.
The miller came to the door,
Calling his dog with a whistle,
While Rodger paused before,
Cropping a lordly thistle.
Cissily tripped with her pails
Towards a field of clover,
And Bob at the oxen's tails
Flew at the long-eared lover.
He sighed and ogled in vain,
As if his heart was breaking,

And the shingles danced again
When he tried his voice at speaking.
I ran a furious race
With half the curs of the village,
Keeping an hour in chase
This lord of pasture and tillage.
He came no more to the mill
Beside the tumbling water,
So I wandered about at will,
Courting the miller's daughter.

'Twas down in Somersetshire,
One evening I was flitting,
When I saw by a cottage fire
An old dame busily knitting.
She was knitting in her dreams,
And she knit while she was waking;
She narrowed her brows and seams
While her husband's meal was baking.
There was the table spread,
There was the pewter tankard,
There were the cheese and bread,
And there the wife so cankered.
Poor Hodge had gone to the fair
To buy a spade or sickle,

And Margery sat in her chair,
 Keeping her rod in pickle.
She left the kitchen fire,
 She laid aside her knitting,
And sallied forth in the mire,
 Where Will-o'-the-Wisp was flitting.
Her brow was black with fate,
 Her eyes with wrath were winking :
"What keeps the wretch so late
 At the 'Cock and Trumpet' drinking?"
I guided her through a bog
 Beside a field of clover,
I leaped from log to log,
 But the goodwife toppled over.
She sank in mud to the arms,
 And shrieked, when she was not groaning ;
So farewell to the golden swarms
 Of bees in the clover droning.

'Twas down in Somersetshire
 I played my gambols lately ;
There was a country squire,
 And oh ! but he was stately.
He was proud of his fields and farms
 That fed the ewe and wether ;

He was proud of his coat of arms,
And his grandfather's coat of leather.
He was sprung from Saxon kings,
When the land was ruled by seven ;
So his pedigree soared on wings
Among the stars of heaven.
He had a lovely heir,
A little cherub creature,
Whose baby soul was as fair
As he was fair in feature.
What dimples of rosy bliss
Like star-beams played around him,
Provoking the smile and kiss
As on the grass I found him !
On his little golden horn
The child was lustily blowing,
As loudly the cock at morn
Proclaims the day by crowing.
I stole the last of his race,
And to fairyland have brought him ;
I left an elf in his place,
And merry mischief taught him.
He will plague the mother's heart,
And wreck the father's glory,
By playing an idiot's part :—
And that is the end of my story.

SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

I am gliding into a nerveless trance, and I hang between
sky and sky,*

In a thousand folds of melody I shall wrap myself up
to die ;

I float into golden harmonies, I eddy in tides of song,
And my soul shall pass into the winds in sweet cadences
ere long.

There is no lustre now on the grass, no fiery joy in
the air,

As there used to be when my heart was young, and life
was a crown to wear.

I turn me round as the waters turn in their silver eddies
and falls,

And now before me, and now behind, the mournful
curlew calls ;

That voice is sadder and farther off than ever it used
to be,

It was part of the moonlight and part of the mist and
part of life to me.

* That is, the sky above and the sky reflected in the water.

What means this sudden gift of song, like a jewel of
gold in my throat?

It melts and floats on the gossamer, it melts away note
by note.

For I have not been a gifted bird with a silver crown of
song,

I could not melt into raptures away over Nature's glory
or wrong ;

I have been a thing of the moonlight and mist, when I
glided into the Day,

'Twas another joy to the sight of man, to the morning
another ray ;

I was the crown of the solitude, and the white soul of
the Dawn,

And the steer would stand and gaze at me, and wonder
as I passed on.

I used to anchor fast by the moon that quivered low in
the stream,

With my brood of young swans round me, and far too
happy to dream,

Because I could not sleep for joy, for those little callow
wings

Stirred every pulse about my heart, they were more than
crowns to kings ;

Ah ! well I remember each pool in the reeds, each
 silent empty space,
Where they grew from things of three days old into
 birds of majestic grace.

Last night I passed through a stately dream, methought
 I was sailing away
O'er a chain of lakes, like hollows of gold, hollowed out
 of the dying day ;
It was a land beside the sun—if on earth such a land
 could be—
And a thousand strange sweet melodies were sounding
 in golden glee ;
I had a shining crown on my head, like those that sit
 upon thrones,
And in it there were of white and red six diverse manner
 of stones.

So I sailed and sailed in glory, my white wings swelling
 in pride,
Like a spirit that had been born in the lakes and
 cradled beneath the tide ;
The air was clearer than earthly air, and the clouds
 were a luminous mist,
And the waters that rippled before my breast were
 liquid amethyst ;

So I came in my dream to a palace where a flock of
swans were seen,
And two wore crowns, like the one I wore, as if they
were king and queen.

But the stars are shooting across the sky, and the winds
and reeds are dry ;
Oh, it is a mournful thing at last to seek for a place
to die ;
But the current's motion hurries me on, and I have not
strength to rest,
And the song I sing is nearly done, the one song hid in
my breast ;
I have poured it from me, note by note, till the winds
are laden around,
And over the meadows and through the woods flow
fairy billows of sound.

'Tis a song with scarcely a measure, but it rose up
through my frame
With a tingling and a yearning, and the heat of a mystic
flame.
I journey back into nature again, for my bones and
veins are dry ;
Our feelings are dying every day, though the heart has
but once to die.

I go to the winds, I go to the waves, I fall to the clod
for ever :—

Like this she sang, and thus she passed like a white
ghost down the river.

THE MUSIC OF FLOWERS.

When the wind among anthers and petals is blowing,
There's a murmuring bliss into music set flowing ;
Like the sweet waves of odour, it mingles and swells
From the cup of the snowdrop and hyacinth bells ;
'Tis faint as the golden vibrations of light,
And too fine for the nerves of the hearing or sight.

From a garden of tulips what melody flows,
Like their hues interweaving, it spreads as it goes ;
For the air has fine pulses that carry it round,
And the wavelets of light strike the wavelets of sound ;
Then there's golden confusion and ruinous grace,
And atoms of odour are thrown into space.

We dance in the moonlight to music that swells
From the daisy's sweet cup or the daffodil bells ;

See, the grass is in motion, the forest is breathing :
All things give to each, and with each interwreathing ;
What with flashing and singing and sparkling in flight,
Why, Nature's great heart is a heart of delight !

ROSES.

Here are roses with bloom covered over—
Roses red as the heart of a lover ;
Each dewdrop the petals disclose
Is red as a miniature rose.
As the bee strikes the bloom in its flight,
Its vibrations are lost to the sight,
And it shakes in a swoon of delight.

Red, red is the heart of the roses,
And an Elf in each calyx reposes,
With a circle of gold on its head,
And its limbs are a delicate red.
In a palace of perfume and light
It hides from the gross rays of sight,
And it lives in the heart of delight.

THE CROWN IMPERIAL LILY.

Fit crown for a duchess,
Or fit for a king,
See a golden circle touches
Six bells in a ring.
What a wand for the lady
Who lives in magic song,
And through gardens tall and shady
Sings all the night long :
With bells on her fingers,
And bells on her toes,
The sweetest of singers
Wherever she goes.

Six bells shining yellow,
And tufted as they grew,
Each bell, like its fellow,
Holds six drops of dew.
The bee knows the liquor,
And will revel and sing,
And drain his nectar quicker
Than beggar or king ;

Though its hues seem but chilly
Where the warm tulip grows,
It is sister to the lily,
And cousin to the rose.

ONCE ON A GOLDEN TIME.

Once on a time Hope sang delicious measures,
And Life its splendour lavished on our prime ;
Our feelings were more rich than hidden treasures
Once on a golden time.

The very air was filled with fiery glory,
Nature was wonderful, and Man sublime,
For life had not become a common story
Once on a golden time.

A hundred chivalries of heart were living,
To ease the suffering, and redress the crime ;
For we hoped all things, and had no misgiving
Once on a golden time.

Oh, what a glorious future beamed before us,
Our hearts were bounding to a march sublime,
In which both heaven and earth were singing chorus
Once on a golden time.

We promised to awake on earth new glory,
And scatter thoughts like sunshine o'er a clime,
Till life appeared like an Arabian story
Once on a golden time.

Despair and disappointment came not near us,
We sailed to bliss upon a tide of rhyme ;
There was an angel on our path to cheer us
Once on a golden time.

Oh, how a motion or a look could fill us
With aspirations after the sublime !
The furtive glancing of an eye could thrill us
Once on a golden time.

And Love, with all its world of sweet emotion,
Like rosy winds blown in a golden clime,
Spread newer lustre o'er the earth and ocean
Once on a golden time.

Then woman rose above her human station,
A being worthy of the earth's glad prime ;
Alone she touched the zenith of creation
Once on a golden time.

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Beneath the thrills of Love's delicious passion
Our lives were moving in a choral chime ;
Our hearts we offered, for hearts were in fashion
Once on a golden time.

Within Life's tropics every day was sunny,
But now we live within a temperate clime ;
'Twas sweeter making love than making money
Once on a golden time.

Thus life becomes at length a measured sadness ;
We leave behind the sparkle of our prime
If we rejoice—it was a different gladness
Once on a golden time.

Pale Care, that wheels beneath the gilded ceiling,
Flies in our footsteps like a hidden crime ;
It did not take the sunshine out of feeling
Once on a golden time.

Our hearts will soon grow duller by resistance
To daily ills that spoil their joyous chime ;
And Fate will thus sum up our brief existence,
Once on a golden time.

THE MILL-WHEEL.

The mill-wheel is dripping and shaking in light,
As the waters rush down, and are lost to the sight ;
Each bucket of jewels that carries it round,
Like the swarming of bees, gives a musical sound ;
Around half its circle the rivulet flows,
And through moonshine and shadow it drips as it goes.

It works with such patience, it works with a will,
For the wheel must be steady that grinds in a mill ;
It just takes two minutes to carry it round,
And it moves in a drowse of monotonous sound ;
Since the first wheels were paired for a chariot race,
The mill-wheel in honour has held the first place.

And see, as the mill-wheel revolves in its frame,
The Fairies dance round it like circles of flame ;
There's Puck and Pea-blossom and little Bees'-wing,
How they foot it around, how they eddy and swing ;
There's a host to assist them, and circle in flight,
And their movements in dancing are flashes of light.

As the gossamer floats, they are treading the air,
Hand in hand, foot to foot, how they mingle and pair ;

For the glory of mill-wheels, they weave such a dance
As would dazzle your eyes till you sank in a trance ;
Such spinning, such flashing, such whirling in rings—
The old mill-wheel's alive with the flutter of wings.

Yes, the mill-wheel would dance to a concert of tunes,
And the waters reflect half-a-dozen full moons,
If the sport that's in Nature could just have its will ;
But the wheel must be steady that grinds in a mill.
If the wheel of Creation moved jarringly round,
Both mill-wheels and mills would soon come to the
ground.

THE FOUNTAINS.

Here, swift as the flight of snow-white doves,
The waters gush aloft with music in their tone,
And with a mystic passion, to forms of fretted stone
The air has wedded its rainbow loves.

Tall jets of crystal, fluted with gold,
Make a fairy garden shrine where the sunshine loves to
burn,
And autumn showers its richest hues o'er foliage, flower,
and urn,
And a belt of verdure bedecks the mould.

Musk-roses are climbing the marble stair,
And tangled vines and melons, heavy with the summer's
gold,
Lie like the richest tapestry upon the dark-green mould,
But no living form doth enter there.

The glory is fled from those garden bowers,
With a form of winning graces making fairy things more
fair,
A soul of golden melody to colour, light, and air,
A maiden as sweet as the childhood of flowers.

She died with the daffodils early in spring ;
And the airy fairy tresses, made of sunshine and of gold,
Are lying hid, O cruel fate ! beneath the churchyard
mould,
Although they were bright as a seraph's wing.

Sleep on, O fairest of maidens fair,
And ye things that crawl in darkness and never are at
rest,
Touch not that shrine of purity, the Maiden's snowy
breast,
Ye worms, approach not her golden hair.

Round the silvery waters by moonlight we dance,
Now in a whirl of crimson, now in a ring of flame ;
We pass so swift, you cannot see a fairy's floating frame,
While the flowers are asleep in an odorous trance.

We Fairies inhabit that garden alone,
For the Baron hates the sunshine, the waters, and the
flowers,
Because his daughter's image is in all its golden hours ;
Her voice fills the wave with its musical tone.

The peacock is there in his jewels of state,
And roses red, a foot in depth, have burned themselves
to clay,
And lilies filled with golden rust have pined and pined
away ;
But the Baron stops at the garden gate.

We will visit the Maiden under the mould,
And charm away the horrid things that crawl upon her
breast ;
The earwigs, beetles, grubs, and worms shall never
make their nest
In her tresses of mingled sunshine and gold.

We will lay a spell on the garden around,
And make the odours sleep all day about the crimson
bloom,
And each fair thing shall to itself be a winding-sheet
and tomb,
And the waves shall grow sick of their own sweet
sound.

SONG OF THE DAISY.

The daisy is lowliest of all the flowers
That court the sunshine or drink the showers;
When the sun builds up his diamond arch
O'er winds that blow in the front of March,
The daisy begins to gladden our sight
With its eye of gold in a fringe of light;
We trample the daisy under our feet,
And yet it blooms so sweet, so sweet.

Though brighter blossoms may gladden the spring,
The daisy is first in our fairy ring;
The violet hides from the day like a nun,
And the Mayflower* flaunts and flatters the sun;

* The marsh marigold, called the Mayflower in Ireland.

But the daisy sits with the lark on the ground,
And watches while half the year goes round.
We trample the daisy under our feet,
And yet it blooms so sweet, so sweet.

The primrose comes when the March wind blows,
But the primrose is gone when the May moon goes ;
The daffodil waves its bells of gold,
But soon sheds its honours upon the mould.
Oh ! the daisy outlives those glittering throngs,
And blossoms besides in a hundred songs.
We trample the daisy under our feet,
And yet it blooms so sweet, so sweet.

Let us flatter the daisy, and toast it too,
In convolvulus cups of honey dew ;
It blooms in our dear old Chaucer's lays,
And our glorious Will* has sung its praise ;
May it scatter its pollen on butterflies' wings,
And grow for ever in fairy rings.
We trample the daisy under our feet,
And yet it blooms so sweet, so sweet.

* Shakspeare.

CONCLUSION.

THUS the minstrelsy sang to their miniature lyres,
And the star-dust of sound sprang from quivering wires ;
The gems, as they winked in the sides of the thrones,
Would have danced, if there could have been motion in
stones.

The air danced in golden vibrations around,
And each note danced in light like an iris of sound ;
The chords of each heart were like musical strings,
Which a seraph awakes into bliss as he sings.

The vibrations of sound through their senses were
stealing,
And passed into fairy pulsations of feeling ;
Beauty brighter appeared, and the lovely more fair,
From the magic and motion that burned in the air ;
To each eye a far finer expression was given,
For music on earth is the mimic of Heaven ;
Through each luminous orb sweeter witcheries stole,
And its light was embalmed in the dews of the soul.

And King Oberon's heart mounted up to his face,
Till its ardour was mixed with a feminine grace ;
Like an iris, his soul through his countenance shone,
And he burned into bliss in the niche of his throne.
His wings could not rest—when an archangel sings,
Who could stay the gold pulses that throb in one's
The tides of emotion flow out to each feather, [wings ?
And, do what you will, they are tingling together.

And Titania was filled with her own sweet delight,
As her fairy emotions took colour and flight ;
Her soul through her blushes in rapture was stealing,
And now through her eye, as the focus of feeling ;
Now melting in softness, now glowing in pride,
Her glances were turned to her lord at her side ;
For Music to Love is like fire to a shrine,
It lifts us from earth into raptures divine.

In love's roses together their spirits were bound,
Twin notes that unite in one musical sound ;
For each to the other was senses and sight,
Each reflected the other in motion and light.
Now through our lord Oberon Titania shone,
And now she reflected his manner and tone ;
While he mimicked the god in his bearing and face,
Her form was a shrine of emotion and grace.

Her roseate hues quivered out to her wings,
And the chords of her bosom were musical strings ;
They caught into feeling the soul of each strain,
And what they received they reflected again.
Soon she rose from her throne, and retired to her bower,
Half tired of the Masque of the Leaf and the Flower ;
When the minstrelsy ceased, Oberon raised with a sign
The gold cups of a banquet with flagons of wine.

Yes, each fairy cup rose on the flash of a wing,
And he feasted and drank, and felt ten times a king.
The fairy lords joined him to honour the time ;
To be sober or sorry they held it a crime.
They drank the fine essence of blossom or dew,
And though merrily round them the fairy cups flew,
The liquor rose up in fine fumes to the brain,
But passed in an hour without frenzy or pain.

The next day to the Tourney the Fairies will ride,
In housings of purple, and trappings of pride ;
While they splinter small lances, and curvet in air,
May you, and I also, dear reader, be there. [thin,
The hedgehogs will gallop through thick and through
And the frogs puff along till they burst in the skin ;
All that points a small horn, all that drags golden mail,
All that glories in whiskers, or prides in its tail,
Or waves leather wings, will be there without fail !

VOYAGES OF ZOBEIDAY.

THE SECOND* VOYAGE OF ZOBEIDAY ;

OR, TITLES OF HONOUR.

"Zobeiday, regardless of the sad countenances of the poor animals, and also of their cries, which sounded through the house, whipped them with the rod till she was out of breath."—*Arabian Nights*.

THE Dame before the Caliph rose,
And gave the dogs a score of blows,
And then, to soothe their piteous case,
Kissed her black sisters on the face :
They uttered notes as diabolic
As bagpipes groaning in a colic.

* An account of the First Voyage of Zobeiday will be found in the *Arabian Nights*, in the story of "The Three Calenders and Five Ladies of Bagdad."

The Caliph wore an aspect serious,
Surprised at actions so mysterious ;
He closed his ears, and then his eyes,
To drown the creatures' doleful cries ;
But when she kissed her sable sisters,
And wept above their ugly blisters,
His patience vanished through the distance,
And, calling Heaven to his assistance,
He vowed he ne'er saw such a Beauty
Performing such a monstrous duty.
Soon as the creatures ceased to wail,
The Lady told the following tale :—

Our ship was filled with costly wares,
And we left at noon the harbour stairs ;
With a dash of purple on our prow,
Towards the shrines of Morn we went,
And three days saw nought but the waves below,
As they clomb up the azure firmament.
On the fourth morn before us lay
The silver crescent of a bay,
Where, leaning on their ribs of gold,
The purple beaks of ships were rolled.
The wharves were piled with costly bales,
The gorgeous spoils of ravished thrones,
The riches of the central zones,

From hills of myrrh and diamond vales.
Towards the sun in radiant lines
Ran statues, palaces, and shrines ;—
A city rose on golden piles,
The empress of a hundred isles ;
Its gates of high magnificence
Were bronzed with mists of glory dense ;
Its domes like a golden sunset reared
Of globed or pinnaced flame appeared.
Deep bloomed the city's hidden bowers,
Watched over by their guardian towers,
Where flowers a natural mosaic made
Beneath the palm or plantain's shade,
And rising in jets of amethyst,
The fountains flew into golden mist,
Then fell o'er the grass in emerald showers.

The people thronging on the beach
Accosted us in Eastern speech,
As our vessel touched the harbour stairs ;
The winds brought embassies of spice
From many a four-walled paradise,
For Heaven blew in the seaward airs.
We passed the city's brazen doors,
And saw the shrines and statues rich
Reflected to a wondrous pitch

Along the tessellated floors ;
It scarcely would have moved our wonder
To see gold fishes swimming under.
With temples, baths, and rich bazaars
The city seemed to overflow ;
The arches, arabesque in mould,
Rose in vermilion and in gold ;
The floors had such a wealthy glow,
The very heavens seemed spread below
In many a nebulous patch of stars.
So many statues thronged the place,
They seemed a godlike populace.
Cities I've seen, both old and new,
The earth's imperial capitals,
Bagdad, Cairo, and Kambalu ;
But never a city met my view
So full of golden halls.

In a blaze of wealth ran the golden mall
Into the heart of the capital ;
Like tides in a sea the people were flowing,
Constantly coming and constantly going,
With every pomp of sight and sound
In an imperial city found ;
Dreams of pleasure, gain, or strife
Moved like winds the tides of life.

The palace now was full in sight :
A hundred piles of marble, wrought
In godlike sov'reignty of thought,
Rose to the sun like sculptured light ;
And in the heat each golden spire
Was quivering like a jet of fire.
A hundred columns seemed to run
In golden ranks towards the sun,
While inner glories veiled from sight
Came flashing through the carven doors,
Long rows of porphyry capitals
With richly gemmed entablatures—
The gorgeous sweep of jasper halls,
The lustrous depth of mosaic floors.
There, nursed in sumptuous loneliness,
Beneath a dome that rose on high,
Like a celestial canopy,
I saw the world's most precious throne
Lit by one carbuncle stone,
Flashing unfathomable rays,
And living in a conscious blaze ;
On golden tripod there it burned,
A fire of gems where'er you turned,
Sunlike its lustrous beams it rolled
Beneath a firmament of gold.
Symbol of sov'reignty divine,

It would have lit the inmost gloom
That ever darkened in the tomb ;
And thus enthroned, I saw it shine,
A glory, though to mortals given,
It would have formed a throne in Heaven !

At length a royal lackey came,
Who hailed me in the monarch's name ;
I thought the slave himself was king,
Because he wore both gem and ring.
I threw me down upon my face
To beg of his abundant grace
For liberty to kiss his shoes.
With idle laughter, bending o'er,
He raised me from the palace floor,
And led me to an inner room,
Through twilight shades of violet gloom,
O'er pavements gemmed with rainbow hues.
The voice of cloistered waterfalls
Resounded through those spacious halls ;
They lived like nuns in the embrace
Of the rich silence of the place.
Girt by white beards in holy ring,
His councillors of lofty state,
I saw his majesty, the king,
With calm dark eyes, serene as Fate ;

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No single pomp usurped the place
Of bearing, majesty, and grace.
I would have kissed the sacred floor,
But while in act of bending o'er,
The courteous monarch bade me rise
With laughter in his solemn eyes.
I told my quest with humble pain—
How that I spent my time in trade,
And several voyages had made
In Haroun-al-Raschid's reign.

The history of forgotten times,
Profaned by unremembered crimes,
I read inscribed on golden plates*
Suspended o'er the palace gates.
A race of monarchs reigned of old,
Who revelled in the lust of gold,
Of dragon blood and Tartar race,
With brutish forms and brutal face.
Their empire, based on sordid creeds,
Was but the measure of their deeds;
They rose through blood, and built their thrones
Upon the hearts of prostrate slaves,

* "Having reached a spacious square in the heart of the city, I discovered a large gate covered with plates of gold."—*Three Calenders and Five Ladies of Bagdad*.

And strewed the world with blackened bones,
And made earth populous with graves.
The lust of riches and of power
Inspired their dreams from hour to hour ;
And since the hills were rich in ore,
They kept in iron fetters bound
A populace beneath the ground,
Who toiled in darkness evermore.
They pierced the rocks, and dragged from night
Their golden entrails into light,
And saw the ruby and emerald glow
With the light of a thousand years ago,
And when a greater gem was found,
They told the world in trumpet sound :
Thus from the earth, in glorious mould,
Arose their capital of gold ;
Such an imperial city never
Its shadow flung o'er sea or river ;
I thought, when first it rose to view,
'Twas the Tartar city, Kambalu.

When Freedom from the world departs,
It burns more fierce in human hearts,
Where, fed with tears and fanned by groans,
It waits the inevitable hour

When fields of blood and blazing thrones
Mark its avenging power.
The fire that blesses while it burns
Into a conflagration turns,
Though oft the wretches that rebel
Must fight with weapons forged in hell.
The people served the tyrants' lust,
And grovelled, though in golden dust,
Till many a wrong and many a crime
Marked tyranny's appointed time.

Then came an hour to vengeance given,
A mighty carnival of Death,
As if an arm had smote from Heaven,
And thousands from beneath.
Roused into vengeance by their wrongs,
The people rose in maddening throngs,
Unnumbered swords insurgent shone,
And hurled their lightnings round the throne.
It was as if forgotten graves
Had yawned and given forth their slaves,
So numerous was the host that came
To roll the capital in flame,
And hurl the tyrant from his place.
The trampled people, in their ire,
Rolled wave on wave of steel and fire

Towards the palace, as if hell
From all its glooms had sent as well
Its fiery populace.

The gorgeous pomp of golden domes,
Where gods and men had made their homes,
Were filled with hecatombs of slaughter,
Till blood ran in the streets like water.
The trumpet's roll, the tabor's sound,
In mingled shrieks and yells were drowned;
The blazing temples and bazaars
Seemed burning midway to the stars,
And along the sides of the golden mall
Death held its ghastly carnival.

The battle raged with shriek and groan
In a fiery ring round the monarch's throne,
For there a mercenary band
Formed, and made a desperate stand;
Blood and entrails stained the floor,
Sword and torch were gleaming o'er,
Till through the heart and through the brain
The last of the dragon kings was slain;
The royal dynasty at length
Fell from its place of pride and strength;
The throne that stood from ancient times,
The focus of a thousand crimes,

Was dragged in triumph into day,
And trampled in the public way.
They drew a mass of holy things
Out of the treasury of kings,
And the city beggars, waxing bold,
Drank wine and spice from cups of gold,
And put on royal robes and gems
As if they were heirs to diadems.

At length the empire of the Past
Was in a glorious mould recast ;
The people raised to fill the throne
A prince whose deeds with lustre shone ;
And thus his throne immutable
Was founded in the nation's will ;
New orders sprang about the land,
Nobilities of heart and hand.
The vulgar pageantry of slaves,
Stars, garters, ribbons, or gilt staves,
Were changed, and honours new designed
For godlike deed and sovereign mind.
Such orders as had starred alone
The royal tumblers round the throne,
Once showered upon the courtly race,
Were held as badges of disgrace ;

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The herd of lordlings, vainly great,
No longer clogged the wheels of state ;
The truly great in soul and hand
Roamed not as beggars round the land ;
Nor Genius, smitten to the dust,
Was fed on glory—and a crust ;
The royal stones that gemmed the crown
Were Mercy, Justice, and Renown ;
The human soul her loveliest shone
Awhile from Reason's peaceful throne.

Three days a sumptuous festival
Was held in palace, bower, and hall ;
In truth, the thrones of half the East
Were emptied for that gorgeous feast.
The voice of millions rose above
In one immortal pæan of love ;
The goblet blushed to choral songs
For late deliverance from their wrongs ;
Gold cups were from the treasury brought,
And ewers with diamond fire inwrought ;
They seemed as rich in gems as ore,
And glorified the draughts they bore ;
The gods in vessels so divine
Might have mingled spice and wine.

Whole hecatombs of beasts and fishes
Were served up in luxurious dishes ;
And there were meats embalmed in spice,
And golden nectar cooled with ice ;
Fruits, melting as they met your gaze,
Lit the board with crimson rays ;
All that the central zones could bring
To enrich the banquet of a king ;
All earth or ocean could supply
Of rare or costly met the eye.
Such heights of gastronomic glory
Were never reached in Eastern story,—
To honour Freedom's chosen line
Our highest pleasure was to dine.

Next day, to witness royal games,
The streets were filled with men and dames ;
Six chariots, rough with gems and ore,
Along the crowded streets were rolled
By steeds caparisoned in gold,
Till marshalled at the palace door.
Six beggars, clothed in kingly state,
To sudden grandeur raised elate,
Their jewelled sceptres flourished high,
Resolved to win the race or die.

The word was given, the chariots flew
Like comets through the crowded street,
As if the far domain of blue
Were spurned beneath the coursers' feet.
Their robes and crowns appeared to play
With mimic lightnings o'er the way ;
And, flashing in the sun afar,
They rushed like heroes bent on war.
The race was won, with loud acclaim
They hailed the victor of the game,
Snatched up a moment from disgrace
To lord it in a chariot race.
In mockery of misused power
The court in laughter spent the hour !

Throned in their glory and their pride,
The monarch and his royal bride,
On golden daïs raised in the square,
Held court within the open air.
Above, a cloth of blue and gold
Just like a living heaven was rolled ;
Three fountains playing in the street
Cast watery rainbows round their feet ;
The drums and cymbals shook the ground,
And crowds of people paused around ;

Filled to the brim with golden lace,
Three lackeys bore a mighty vase.
What mortal glory seemed to burn
And sparkle in the glittering urn!—
Stars, ribbons, badges, robes of state,
The vulgar glory of the great,
Which Empire from its purple wings
Drops on the favourites of kings.

“The golden dynasty is past,”
With gracious smile the monarch said,
“But from its grave these toys are cast,
Ghosts of dead honours from the dead.
Our world is moulded in the new,
Though not less royal is the time;
Our monarchy is brave and true,
And not a universal crime.
New orders to our times are born,
Nor dare we hold the old in scorn,
But for the inborn taint of soul
They leave us from their long control.
The hollow truce of lace and gold
With honour is a vision past,
And lordship is the soul at last,
And not a splendid shadow sold.

Our age is in its lofty prime,
And thus we celebrate the time,
In mockery of those royal slaves
Who slumber in forgotten graves.
Now bid again the tabor sound,
And knaves and fools assemble round ;
The orders of a slavish race
We give as badges of disgrace."

Into the monarch's presence came
The city beggars, blind and lame,
All that the pedigree of vice
Bequeaths of monstrous to mankind,
The lower grades of frame and mind
Stamped with the ape or cockatrice.
With discord wedded to the throng,
They hobbled, leaped, or crept along.
Such crowds of monstrous efts appeared,
With swelling limb and grisly beard,
This wanting arms, that wanting eyes,
The people shuddered in surprise.
The king bestowed on them his grace,
And glittering orders from the vase ;
This with a star adorns his breast,
That sticks a ribbon in his vest.

On crutches here a dirty martyr
Ties round his leg a jewelled garter ;
A coronet to one is given,
Who lifts a caitiff brow to heaven ;
One doth in golden lace enrol
His greasy skin and coward soul.
Stars, ribbons, gems were scattered round,
And titles less in sense than sound.
Each caitiff, as he left the throne,
With recent touch of glory shone ;
Lords were created by the score,
Till there was stuff to make no more.
Yet why should monarchs not create
Those beams of honour in the state,
Till there's a grand illumination
Of stars and titles in a nation ?
The crowd, vain-glorious, passed away
To banquet, or to dance and play ;
Each one his idiot neighbour spurned,
And with his recent glory burned.

We laughed to scorn the trade of kings
In ribbons, garters, stars, or strings,
The ancient coinage paid to Guilt
For lands destroyed and carnage spilt ;

True glory other symbols sought,
And soul and sense one meaning wrought ;
The orders of a barbarous time,
Founded in anarchy or crime,
Were cast into a different mould,
And lofty monarchy became
Redeemed from sordid lust and shame,
And rose above the rage for gold,
And glory and renown were things
Found in the treasures of kings.

Next morning, I unfurled my sails,
And left the place with favouring gales,
And in a week, with glad surprise,
I saw Balsora's towers arise,
And, what was better still, my masters,
I made a thousand gold piastres.
The thoughts of gain and growing treasure
Send to the soul a thrill of pleasure.
"They do," the Caliph said, "no doubt,"
And at the word the lamp went out,
While near the alcove's crimson lining
The sable dogs began their whining.

THE THIRD VOYAGE OF ZOBEIDAY;

OR, THE IMPIETY OF PHILOSOPHIC PRIDE.

“But nobody was converted, so on the last day of the year, at four o'clock in the morning, all the inhabitants in general were changed in an instant into stone, each one in the same condition and posture he happened then to be in.”—*Arabian Nights*.

I've seen the ruined temples of the Nile,
And fed my camels in their empty halls;
And marked the dragons of the waste defile
The pride of capitals.

I've supped in deserts from the jasper panels
Torn from the sides of royal tombs,
And slept with mummies in their sumptuous rooms,
Engraven round with hieroglyphic annals.
Once, as I travelled into foreign lands,
I came upon a city in the sands,
A place accursed for some stupendous crime,
Whose name no man remembered, but its walls,
As built in elder Time,

Proclaimed it one of earth's first capitals.
Although its glory long had passed away,
Time had not left its temples in decay ;
Its thousand people, frozen into stone,
 Still graced the golden mall,
Or strewn the ground like statues overthrown.
A populous city, crowded in its squares,
 From temple, bath, or hall ;
And beggars slept upon the palace stairs,
For at a touch the breath from each had passed,
And where each stood his form was rooted fast.

I reached the lofty portals built of old ;
The nation's history, sculptured on its gate
In massive bronze, inlaid with lines of gold,
 Proclaimed its state.
Wits without tongues, and statesmen without brains,
I saw in crowds about the market place,
 Slaves in their rusted chains,
And eunuchs in their livery of disgrace.
Again we entered through a lofty gate
 The halls of royal state ;
A thousand years had not eclipsed a charm
That once had fed the luxury of kings,
 But lustrous, rich, and warm
The palace lay, fed by its marble springs.

Courts gorgeous to the eye of Day,
In opening squares before me lay,
A paradise of happy bowers
Enriched by fountains, where the sun
Stood like a god amid the flowers,
And measured out the glowing hours
Until his daily task was done.
The sunlight slept on plinths of gold,
The roofs in rich star-tracery wrought,
The restless glory flashed and caught,
That through the halls for ever rolled ;
The floors, inlaid with jasper lines,
Seemed lit from subterranean shrines.
Around a court that won repose
From Art inspired with sensual grace,
A hundred porphyry pillars rose.
The floors were mosaic, and behind,
With sculpture endlessly entwined,
Stood rich pilasters lighted ever
By fountains in the sun's embrace.
Here reigned perpetual dawn as pure
From silver cressets as from day,
And when the flowers were closed at dusk,
The scent of attar-gul and musk
Was breathed from many a costly ewer
That burned beneath with silver ray,

And azure-spaced from niche to niche,
The air was filled with lustre rich.

Beneath a dome of loftiest state appeared
A royal seat on four gold corners reared ;
All precious gems, annealed into a throne,
Grew from one centre to a godlike niche,
 'Mid curtainings divinely rich.
Looped from the floor by many a precious stone,
A nucleus of divinity, it arose
With all its massive lustre in repose ;
Wrought with a yellow ground of serpents' scales,
Strange couchant beasts, with optics in their tails,
Stood round the throne, and bent their vigilant gaze
Down every avenue, a hundred ways ;
While o'er the crescent marble's stainless dyes,
Rich silks of Persia, rayed with peacocks' eyes,
Went up the daïs, round which an upper fold
Lay crimsoning in the sun with diamond shine,
 Or, zoned with bars of nebulous gold,
 Glowed like a ghostly shrine.
In fit magnificence the hall was hung
With violet silks, and emeralds looped among,
And nought was heard save, through the echoing doors,
The Naiad founts that fell o'er marble floors.

H

This throne, I said, secure from all disasters,
Here changes masters ;
The gems embedded in its yellow sides
Would dower a hundred brides,
Giving each one a thousand gold piastres ;
The ore I destined for the royal mint,
Half blinded by the light that bickered in 't.

Niched in the throne, upon a couch was laid
A galaxy of pearls in milky braid,
That like a frozen cataract sparkled down,
And in the midst, diffusing light for ever,
A gem of Orient ray
O'erflowed the embroidered circlet of a crown,
Broad as a lotus floating down a river.
Oh ! how it flashed out, like a human soul,
The Maker's art, framed gloriously rare !
Unfathomable light within it lay,
Globed in a golden bowl ;
The sparkling ore lay kindling round it there,
No human eye, unblinded, could endure
Its matchless brilliancy, so deep, so pure.
In awe I gazed, for, like a godlike eye,
It seemed to roll in its auriferous socket,
And threat me with its ire, so, impiously,
I put it in my pocket.

Yet when the throne was widowed of its rays,
I almost wept, and just forebore to gaze.

Through suites of chambers placed in long array,
Where the warm light was cloistered gorgeously,
By costly hangings pendant o'er the doors,
I trod, or rather glided o'er the floors.
Meet watchers of the Harem's inner bowers,
A host of eyes were massed in gems above,
 And filtering gold in showers,
Gay arabesques warmed through the perfumed air,
A sensual heaven enclosing haunts of love.
Here, glowing in her matchless charms and pride,
I saw Agoulema, the last king's bride,*
Where life had fled without a trace of strife :
She lay done into marble from the life,
Nor seemed to want the miracle of breath,
 So beautiful in death.
From her fair limbs her soul had ebbd away,
But, sunlike, gilt them with its parting ray.
How beautiful, beyond created thought,
Her form in death all eloquence had caught !

* "I went into the chamber where the petrified Queen was."—*Arabian Nights*.

Her beauty filled your spirit with a sense
Of all her station's lost magnificence ;
Not royalty's halo circling round a throne
Could make her more, for empire was her own ;

On ivory couch reclined,
As ivory pure, in her own beauty shrined,
You saw the budding graces of her breast,
Like unfledged blisses in their cherub nest :
She needed not a throne to make her great,
But almost rose superior to fate.

On a low stool beside her couch was laid

Her nebulous train of lace and braid,
Through which a shoal of pearls came sparkling ever,
Like Triton eyes from some enchanted river.
Here, too, were filigree'd urns and a gold basin,
With ewers of scents and unguents for the hair ;
Of mirrors, too, a pair
As huge and bright as ever you set face in.

A score of heavenly beauties, that had shone
A fairy constellation round the throne,
On mats of Cairo lay about the floors,
As if just carved out for entablatures,—
A royal treasury of female charms,
All beauties, mingled there from every clime,
Each in her dazzling prime ;

Some had expired locked in each other's arms,
Others before the mirrors lay supine,
Imaged like marble in each crystal shrine.
Here some young slave in the expressive dance
Wreathed her white arms, as, mutely statued there,
 She poised herself in air,
But motion now was frozen in her trance.
Here, in his niche, some prosy old romancer
Sat weaving moonshine in the Arab fashion,
With an expressive eye towards the dancer,
Displaying there his teeth in lieu of passion.*
The gorgeous dreams through which his fancy revelled
 One touch had levelled,
And changed his parchment features, carved on bone,
 Into a mask of stone.
Dwarfs, eunuchs, women gaudily attired,—
In other halls the littered dead lay thicker;
Some at their callings nobly had expired,
 And some in liquor.

'Mid slender porphyry shafts a fountain gushed,
Where all except its silvery tones was hushed;
The lofty waters, winged with rainbow airs,
Rose like a cataract of crystal stairs;

* "Having no heart to show, he shows his teeth."—BYRON.

A cupola, with arabesques inwrought,
Spanned o'er the fountain, from whose radiance flowed
A sunbow like an elemental god,
And all the ærial dome his lightnings caught.
Four massive lions, hugely coiled in gold,
Their throats with amethyst or jasper lined,
That fount's rich centre on the floor were twined
About a pedestal of fantastic mould.
The air around to nectar seemed to run ;
Those golden lions, glittering in the sun,
Sent up the waters in white jets of foam,
As if with coloured light to prop the dome ;
Their yellow sides were zoned with frequent bars
 And ribs of stars,
While from their rampant bosoms to their tails
They sweated out a mist of watery scales ;
About the floor wheeled discs of coloured light—
 No shrine was e'er so bright ;—
The gold and green of jealous lattices
Scarce drew its painful splendour from my eyes.
Colossal fountain ! glorified by Art
 And shrined by Pleasure,
It pleased me more than all the hidden treasure,
Although its loneliness appalled my heart ;
Those brazen throats almost engulfed a river
Beneath the chambers led through marble tanks,

And from their glittering ranks
The waters rose, and flashed and flashed for ever.

I entered next a building nobly reared
With various pomps of stone,
Marble or cedar overlaid with gold
In architrave or beam of massive mould ;
The lofty temple of the faith appeared :
Grace in its courts and glory in its walls,
And worship in its halls,
Were half embodied by the sculptor's art.
Hosts of angelic Glories veiled their faces
In gorgeous interspaces,
And blinding light out of its Holies shone ;—
All seemed of godlike thought as much a part
As solid marble, for the central Mind
Of ages lay in all its courts enshrined.
Such temples in old time rose from the ground,
Built by the sweet omnipotence of sound,
When gods piped up their cities, rising towers
Where empire crowned the old primeval races,
And Troy and Thebes were but the work of hours.
Its polished marble seemed engrained with gold,
So many sunsets, rich and melancholy,
Had blushed amid its columns high and holy ;

The light still streamed o'er its deserted floors,
Through open doors ;
Its mighty roofs, amassed o'er all the riches
Of shrines and niches,
Were cedar beams traversed in curious mould,
And groined with plates of gold :
A thousand years no incense had ascended,
Nor holy flame ;
Its priests were gone, its ancient rites were ended,
Nor left a name.

I reached the temple through its open gate,
And trod its silent floors,
Through lofty halls and spacious corridors,
And saw its ancient faiths embalmed in state.
A thousand years of monumental glory
Were spread around me, sumptuously rich
In shrine and niche,
But rendered tragic by their human story :
A crowd of awful worshippers around,
In stony trances bound,
Thronged all the courts so shadowy and vast ;—
Fearful idolatries, the lapse of faith,
I saw around me in those halls of death.
Some as they knelt had been transformed to stone,
And some as statues fixed upon the floor ;

Others, o'erthrown

In awful death, had sunk to rise no more ;
Some worshipped devils, as in India's clime,
Some knelt to insects, as beside the Nile ;—
All monstrous faiths were crowded in the pile,
And many a crime.

In the chief Holies of the sumptuous place,
A godlike synod, placed on seats of gold,
Sat threescore sages venerably old,
Glorious in form and face.

They worshipped not amid the lower crowd,
But scorned the slaves that round the altars bowed ;
Each his own god, in philosophic pride

Themselves they deified ;

A range of lofty mirrors placed before them,
Each on his sumptuous seat at full revealed ;
Ten lofty cherubs waved their pinions o'er them,
In solid gold annealed.

Some bowed towards their faces as divine,
Within each crystal shrine,

Or sat erect, contented but to gaze
On all they worshipped in ecstatic thought :
Each feeding on his own exceeding praise,
No other idol sought.

They would not bow to fame or golden pelf,
Superior to all folly, lust, or crime ;
Each his own god, sufficient in himself,
 They sat sublime.

A luminous writing flashed upon the wall
Across the mirrors, glancing as it broke,
The lightning's sudden flash without its stroke,
 That half illumed the hall.
Soon in the Arabic tongue the scroll returned,
Like awful texts of cabalistic lore ;
It came and went, and then intensely burned,
 Till I could read it o'er.

“Should mortal enter through this temple gate,
To pierce the awful mysteries of Fate,
 Behold the wretched crime
That overthrew the city in its prime.
Those godlike greybeards, placed on seats of gold,
Have reached the summit of all human guilt ;
They to themselves were their own faith and creed,
 And gods at need :
Others to apes or fiends their shrines have built,
 Or forms of grosser mould ;
They sinned in measure, but their souls were poured
Towards the wretched objects they adored ;

But these, inscrutable in lofty pride,
Scorned every faith beside,
And in their godlike natures put their trust,
But mocked the frailties of common dust ;—
Therefore ten thousand people turned to stone,
Bear witness to their crime, nor theirs alone :
Next to those godlike fiends in guilt we hold
The worshippers of gold.”

WHAT GLORY IS RICHEST IN TIME?

WHAT Glory is richest in Time?
'Tis a country in freedom sublime,
Where Mind is the empire that springs,
Ennobling its people and kings ;
Where the trophies of Art can outnumber
 The honours that conquest has known,
And the dragons of war go to slumber
 In the light that encircles the throne ;
Whose heroes return to its fields
With the sunshine of peace on their shields.

Britannia ! home of the brave,
Thy breezes are life to the slave—
The land which our forefathers trod,
And their greatness bequeathed to the sod ;

Thy rocks are an altar to Heaven,
From which the invader is hurled,
And in trust to thy children is given
A might that encircles the world;
Unchained by your tyrannous thrones,
They people the breadth of the zones.

Thy heroes, the living and dead,
Have shaken the earth with their tread;
In terror and glory they rode,
Sublime to their godlike abode.
Down the future, a broader dominion
Thy annals with light shall increase,
When Freedom shall gild with her pinion
The long golden glories of Peace ;—
For the brightest of conquests behind
Remains to the empire of Mind.

ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND.

A NEW BALLAD WITH AN OLD REFRAIN.

ALL honour to old England, and to her lusty blood,
That warms the breasts of high and low, unmatched on
field or flood ;
The deeds she did in days of old, when might was still
sublime,
Have changed the fashion of the world, and echo on
through time.
Dauntless she rose, with sword in hand, and measured
out the zones,
And made the empires of the Past her tributary thrones :
The order of the times is changed ; a wider cycle rolls,
The empire of the godlike mind, the march of freeborn
souls.
Her shores hold many a battlefield, red in its deathless
fame,
O'er which the golden standards reeled when Honour
fought with Shame ;

In all her fields of chivalry St. George was England's
star,

And still the dragon trampling down, he blazed o'er all
the war.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for
France,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

All honour to old England ; to her such might is given,
Her empire clasps the rolling earth like the zodiac stars
of heaven ;

She wields her sceptre in two worlds, she rules a
hundred realms,

Where Roman ensigns never led the blaze of golden
helms.

By rivers of the sacred East that still o'erflow with
shrines,

The lines of empire that she metes are earth-encircling
lines ;

Still through the onward march of time a kingly progress
runs,

The world through ages more sublime shall bear our
later sons.

Our planet's brightest destinies Britannia holds in trust,
And while her cause is Freedom's cause, let tyrants bite
the dust ;

Heaven speed her ancient Lion still in paths of old
renown,

Where brave St. George the dragon smote, and pierced
its bloody crown.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for
France,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

All honour to old England ; she rules the azure zones,
Where ocean rolls in sunbeams, or mocks the thunder's
tones ;

She guides her floating citadels by every pilot star,
And weaves her empire round the world in commerce
or in war.

By fairy lands whose spices flow out upon the waves,
By golden islands anchored amid coral reefs and
caves,

Heaven wings her empire evermore to lands and cities
old,

Whose minarets flash in the sun, whose temples blaze
with gold.

Long rows of swarthy faces, in their galleys winged with
oars,

Fly as the pride of gallant ships bring peoples to their
shores ;

The battle flag of England has struck the nations
pale,

As brave St. George the dragon smote, and pierced its
bloody mail.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for
France,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

All honour to old England ; and when her conquests
cease,

May earth be filled with chivalries and brotherhoods of
peace,

May Arts eclipse the pride of arms, and commerce knit
the zones,

And Love be crowned o'er all the earth upon a hundred
thrones.

The courtesies of life shall bloom in every hidden vale,
The blessings of a thousand hearts shall fill each swelling
sail ;

No armies locked in dazzling squares shall blaze in
pomp and pride,

The royal ermine shall be worn, the purple cast aside.
Till then may Britain's voice be heard, supreme in peace
or war,

Her navies ride about the world, and visit every star ;

She holds her charter from mankind to battle for the
right,

And conquer realms of darkness, like St. George, her
patron knight.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for
France,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

All honour to old England ; her temples hold in trust
The world's inheritance of fame in urns of hero dust ;
No starry gems encrust their bones, no jasper round
them burns,

But earth is nobler for the light that sparkles from those
urns.

Heaven's best in cycles ever come, and with a spherul
chime,

Thus, England, rise thy glorious names, the Pleiades of
Time.

Let trumpets roll in golden winds thy lofty Shakspeare's
name,

And challenge Time to match again thy muster-roll of
fame.

Our mighty dead are with us still, their names are sown
around,

Great memories clinging to the soil have made it hal-
lowed ground ;

Great names are ours that fire the blood, and make the
pulses thrill,

Though, like St. George, their frames are dust, their
souls are with us still.

St. George he was for England, St. Dennis was for
France,

Sing, *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

THE BALLAD OF THE STARS.

WHAT brotherhoods of Glory !
What sisterhoods of Light !
The depth of space is hoary
With all the host of night ;
Stars in their brightness dwelling,
Suns in their flaming spheres,
One hymn of glory swelling
Through God's eternal years.
There rise the golden mansions
On rainbow arches fair,
With wonderful expansions
Of glory, light, and air ;
There day is ever burning,
There worlds begin their race,
Moons going and returning,
Wheel silently through space ;

And sun with system mingles,
And star illumines star,
And moon to planet tingles
With lustre from afar ;
What infinites of Glory
Through endless mazes roll !
For heaven with worlds is hoary,
And burns from pole to pole.

Thought, winged like subtle lightning,
Towards the concave runs,
Through constellations brightening,
And godlike groups of suns.
Here, plumed with fiery tresses,
The comet, onward hurled,
Pants for some sun's caresses,
Itself a blazing world.
On glorious circles burning,
There roll colossal spheres,
Upon their orbits turning,
They bound eternal years.
Twin suns, like godlike brothers,
In kindred glory blend ;
In lonely splendour, others
With planet trains ascend ;

And sun with system mingles,
And star illumines star,
And moon to planet tingles
With lustre from afar.
What infinities of Glory
Through endless mazes roll!
For heaven with worlds is hoary,
And burns from pole to pole.

THE RENOVATION OF IRELAND.

(LAND ACT, 1881.)

HURRAH for the glory that springs o'er the soil,
When the fetters have dropped from the ankles of toil !
We linger no more between freemen and slaves,
We own in our country more land than our graves.
Hurrah for the brightness that glows in the sun
When a down-trodden people their freedom have won !
The waters are clearer, the mountains more fair,
For the sunshine of liberty sweetens the air.

Hurrah !

Hurrah for the land that from guilt and disgrace
Awakes into honour, and speeds on her race !
The stains on her garment, the terrible stains,
Though blood they may be, are the rust of her chains.
Hurrah for the land that has maddened and striven,
Till her agony rolled to the portals of Heaven !
Through the gloom of the tempest—the storm-woven
rack—
The glory of sunshine has answered her back.

Hurrah !

Hurrah for the magical beauty of vales,
Where the rainbow-crowned cloud like an argosy sails !
O'er verdure the greenest, and waters so bright,
They seem just distilled from the morning's first light.
Hurrah for the fields that smile back to the sun,
Whose tyrants were lately a thousand and one !
But the apple shall blossom, the hawthorn shall bloom,
Where the valley lay black in the shadow of doom.
Hurrah !

Hurrah for our people, through ages undone,
By a glorious charter united in one !
The veriest Harpies* our planet ere saw
Are turned into doves by the magic of law.
Yes, the tyrannies, multiplied thousands of times
With the myriad-spawn of their hatreds and crimes,
Are swept to the winds, and if any remains,
What are cobwebs to those who have struggled in chains ?
Hurrah !

* The author is not ignorant that many of the noblest Irishmen and the highest patriots have existed, and do exist, among the landowning class. The enterprise and chivalry of the nation have, perhaps, been more liberally recruited from Ireland's landlords than from any other section of society. It is to the Scullys and Adairs of a past generation, and to their imitators of the present, that allusion is made, and to whom Ireland must attribute the curse that has fallen on her soil. That the Land Act of 1881 will create a new Ireland the author has no doubt.

Hurrah for the promise our annals unfold,
Ere the blood of our toilers was coined into gold !
Though our greenest of valleys and fairest of streams
Appear to the exile a landscape of dreams.
Hurrah for our mountains, so wildly sublime,
And our mystic round towers, the grey wizards of Time !
By mountain and forest, by castle and river,
We have won our inheritance now and for ever.
Hurrah !

THE BATTLE OF THE THREE EMPERORS.

(AUSTERLITZ.)

THE battle passed with an earthquake's tread,
And rocked in their shrouds the tombless dead ;
There were banners flying, and music loud,
As thousands entered the sulphurous cloud ;
Fire, earthquake, ruin, and black eclipse
Rolled out at once from the cannon's lips.

Three empires met in the shock of war,
Three emperors watched from the heights afar,
And earth through her entrails groaned anew
As the darkness rolled into sanguine hue,
And glittering column and brazen square
Heaved to and fro in the horrid glare.

Lashed each to each, as the waves that swell
With bituminous fire on the lake of hell,
Where, like blazing stars, on the surface swim
Great crowns of the fallen cherubim ;
So rolled, so heaved into splendour dire,
Each living mass through a sheet of fire.

And the cannonade its thunders hurled,
Like the prelude to a sinking world ;
At once two hundred monstrous engines,
Red with ire or black with vengeance,
Hurled their balls of wingèd death
Into the shattered squares beneath.

With iron tempest and bloody rain
The little god* marched over the plain ;
The armies joined in that strife colossal,
Their thousands stamped into mud and fossil,
And the brave grenadiers, so grand and tall,
Became red clay at Glory's call.

* Bonaparte.

NAPOLEONIC EAGLE.

WHAT bird was e'er so regal,
What bird was e'er so great?
Napoleonic Eagle!
The very bird of Fate!
He flew abroad in thunder,
In terror and in wonder,
And pierced the nations under,
And drave the realms asunder,
Till crowns were heaped in plunder,
So gorged with blood and state.
What bird was e'er so regal?
Napoleonic Eagle!

Before his wings, unblasted,
The very lightnings ran;
His flight of glory lasted
From Lodi to Sedan.

O misery of glory,
 That freezes yet in story !
 He wrought through empires hoary,
 And kingdoms young and gory,
 From Alp to promontory,
 The overthrow of Man.
 What flight was e'er so blasted
 O'er nations while it lasted ?

INDIAN TEMPLES.

MAGNIFICENT fanes of a rose-coloured clime,
Where old faiths are embalmed in the amber of Time ;
Half caves and half shrines amid palm-woven zones,
Where the Ganges rolls down past the relics of thrones ;
How ye shine in the innermost heart of the East,
Where man seeks in worship the god in the beast !
What gloom and what glory around you are thrown
In your forests of columns and jungles of stone !

What nightmares of faith are the gods ye enshrine,
Where the satyr is holy, the brute is divine :
'Tis the frenzy of sculpture in wood and in stone,
And Nature is mad ere she's placed on a throne.
Through diamonded glooms and gemmed spaces of
 night,
The ghost-moth may flit, and the bat take its flight ;
Day is strangled 'mid columns so heavy and cold,
And the glare of those shrines is ten centuries old.

Magnificent fanes of a rose-coloured clime,
Ye rise but as vast petrifications of Time,
Where the huge idols sit on their gem-lighted thrones,
And the gloom sparkles thick with its rainbows of stones ;
Where the sun stands at morn on his threshold of gold,
In the red heart of dawn ye are cruel and cold ;
Your shrines only burn, and your altars are red,
In the gloom of past ages, the night of the dead.

QUEEN DIDO.

A MEDLEY.

O QUEEN of fortunes tragic !
Although the Furies hiss,
I'll bring you back by magic
From the domains of Dis.
Sed gradum revocare
Is difficult, we know ;
But then the paths may vary,
Even from the Shades below,
Across the Stygian river,
Without the golden rods,*
Where Charon rows for ever,
The dirtiest of the gods.†

* Hoc sibi pulchra suum ferri Proserpina munus instituit.—*Æneid*, Lib. vi. 142.

† Sordidus ex humeris nodo dependet amictus.—*Idem*, Lib. vi. 302.

Though drops of flame are sprinkling
 That gloom with burning scars,
 I'll waft you in a twinkling
 Leagues nearer to the stars :
 Ay, in your human glory
 A royal woman move,
 And act again that story,
 The fiery end of Love.

Hers was no love romantic,
 To weep and then expire ;
 She leaped in passion frantic
 Upon a couch of fire.
 She could not pine and falter,
 But cursed him in a trice,
 And made her bed an altar,
 Herself the sacrifice.
"O! nusquam tuta fides"
 Comes ever like a wail,
 A grave where all her pride is,
 When hopes for ever fail.
 What passion turned to madness,
 What love transformed to ire ;
 She would not pine in sadness,
 But dashed through gloom and fire.

She breaks into no calm metre
At the departing ships,
But curses in hexameter
Fall from her rosy lips ;
That passion superhuman
Her nature quite unsexed :—
Queen of all tragic women
In this world, or the next !

Incubuitque toro ;—

Dulces exuvie !

In her immortal sorrow
Upon that couch she lay.
Around were costly spices,
And fragrant gums supplied ;
There, with some human vices,
She lay a fearful bride.
Her rich attire was gory,
Her heart oozed through her hands—*
She who had raised to glory
A city from the sands.
Oh ! what was robe or jewel,
Or crown, or costly tire ?

* — ensemque cruore

Spumantem sparsasque manus.—*Æneid*, Lib. iv. 664.

She heaped them up like fuel
For that consuming fire.
Her heart divorced from human,
Her lovely bosom gored,
So lay the Tyrian woman
Beside her lover's sword.

Behold the royal splendour
In which she loved to move,
Now dazzling and now tender,
A creature made for love.
But Love from all beholders
Hid quiver, bow, and shaft,
And o'er her face and shoulders
She brightened when she laughed.
The womanly and regal
By turns contending strove ;
At times the lofty eagle,
At times the tender dove.
Now moving men in armour,
She ruled her savage bands,
To the Phœnician farmer
Now meting out the lands.
Her people here a temple
In massive grandeur reared,

And there a forum ample
With rich bazaars appeared.
The architect and builder
She charmed with kindly speech,
The carver and the gilder,
Inspiring all and each.
Before her never trembled
The captive or the poor,
And in her train assembled
The Phrygian and the Moor.
Men from contending nations
About her moved unarmed,
She ruled them in their stations,
And with her greatness charmed.
How grand she looked, and queenly,
That day Æneas came,
And yet she fell too meanly
From shame to lower shame.

The false son of Anchises,
A beggared prince of Troy,
From wandering on the high seas,
Came to her home of joy.
From palace, tower, and arbour
Her people watched his ships ;

More safe had been her harbour
In earthquake and eclipse.
Far better in their millions
Had come the locust horde
Throughout her rich pavilions
Than that false Trojan lord.
From all her sandy valleys
That love the tropic sun,
To see the foreign galleys,
In crowds the people run.
The black Numidian savage,
The Arab lank and brown,
And horsemen sent to ravage
The distant fields and town;
And there some mailed commander,
Burnished from head to feet,
Glowed, like a salamander,
In the tremendous heat.
From temple, tower, and hovel
The crowd rushed to the bay,
To see the ships so novel
That in the offing lay.
To dream each battered seaman
A demigod at least,
Was to those Tyrian women
Who gossiped, quite a feast.

Meanwhile, Æneas, shining
In martial trappings rich,
Stood, like a god, reclining
In some old temple's niche :
His mantle was the lion's,
With all its tawny bars,
His falchion, like Orion's,
Was gemmed with golden stars.
Upon his lofty helmet
A brazen Terror rode ;
No sword could overwhelm it
When in the fight it glowed ;
For, like a wild cat brindled,
It spat with eyes on fire,
And in the battle kindled
Immortal rage and ire.
Now in the sunshine sleeping,
How gently it reposed,
But still in wisdom keeping
A single eye unclosed.
Thus o'er the sandy hollow
Advanced the Trojan lord ;
Some sad attendants follow,
The rest he left on board.

Where Juno's sacred building
Enclosed her golden shrine,

A wilderness of gilding
 Rendered the light divine ;
The temple steps were brazen,
 The threshold* marble white,
The walls in endless blazon
 Displayed the Trojan fight.
'Neath lofty beams of cedar,
 With brazen plates o'erlaid,
Approached the warlike leader,
 And viewed the scenes pourtrayed.
There, under skies of azure,
 Proud Ilion's city stood,
And through each wall's embrasure
 Poured out her hostile brood ;
There, white as fields of lilies,
 The tents of Rhesus lay,†
And here the fierce Achilles
 Pursued his human prey.
With pomp of brazen clarion
 The Greeks to battle sound,
And there they lie like carrion
 In heaps upon the ground.

* On brazen steps the marble threshold rose,
And brazen plates the cedar beams enclose.

DRYDEN'S *Translation*.

† Nec procul hinc Rhesi niveis tentoria velis.

Æneid, Lib. i. 468.

O'er fields devoid of culture,
The bloody harvests fall,
The jackal and the vulture
Prey at the city's wall.
More horrid than a spectre,
Behind Achilles' car,
There rolls the corpse of Hector,
With many a bloody scar.
All these in paint and gilding
The temple walls unfold;
It was a glorious building,
With altar of pure gold.

Onward in long procession
The Queen and all her train
Came to hold sacred session
Within that lofty fane.
First came a lovely bevy
Of Tyrian girls, and then
Her guards, a warlike levy
Of fierce Numidian men.
But human tongue would falter
To paint the lovely Queen
As she approached the altar,
So royal was her mien:

She stood in golden sandals,
 A head above the rest;
 The jewels burned like candles
 Upon her ample breast.
 Her head with gems was burning
 Like the declining moon,
 When, on her convex turning,
 She gilds her pallid noon;
 Benignly flowed her presence,
 Pervading all she saw,
 And in its very essence
 Each gesture was a law.
 And thus she swept the marble,
 Stainless as mountain sleet,
 While golden airs did warble
 About her dainty feet.

Beneath the spacious cover
 Of gold and cedar beams,
 Queen Dido meets her lover,
 As well her rank beseems.
 Though clad in warlike vesture,
 A suppliant unknown,
 He bowed with humble gesture
 Before her lofty throne.

To all his various troubles
She bends a gracious ear,
And soon his hope redoubles
With words of joyful cheer;
For that wild monster, Rumour,
Which Virgil well describes,
Who vents her evil humour
In lies, and wind, and gibes,
Had blown through all those regions
The tale of Helen's shame,
And Ilion's warlike legions
Given to the sword and flame.

The Carthaginian palace
Was flushed with rays divine,
When Belus' mighty chalice
Was crowned with rosy wine.
A hundred lamps were gleaming
In splendour far aloof,
As if the god were beaming
Upon them through the roof.
Gay lords in vests of crimson
Enriched the gorgeous scene;—
You could not count the gems on
The bosom of the Queen.

Old Belus in a beaker*
 His mighty name they sung;
 The faster flowed the liquor,
 The nimbler went each tongue.
 Grey-bearded chiefs were swilling
 Wine subtle as an elf,
 Who did not care a shilling
 About the god himself.
 First from her low attendants
 Queen Dido took the wine,—
 You could have seen her pendants
 Within the goblet shine;—
 Then round the lords assembled
 The mighty goblet flowed,
 The lofty palace trembled
 With shoutings to the god.

The Queen in crimson boddice
 Concealed her lovely mould;
 'Twas wrought by some old goddess
 With costly flowers of gold.
 The rich acanthus flowering†
 Ran round in heavy fringe,

* Implevit que mero pateram, quam Belus, et omnes
 A Belo soliti.—*Æneid*, Lib. i. 729.

† Et arcumtextum croceo velamen acantho
 Ornatus Argivæ Helenæ.—*Æneid*, Lib. i. 649.

Its yellow blossoms showering
In many a wealthy tinge.
Fit garb for Love to dwell in,
Though laced with golden wire;
'Twas stolen from luckless Helen,
Who set the world on fire.
A crown of splendour double—
Two rims of gems and gold—*
Sat on her brow of trouble,
That half its passion told.
The wine and blood seem mingling
When of the bowl she sips,
As if her heart were tingling
Upon her rosy lips.
Her swelling bosom uttered
The language of her soul,
Beneath the gems it fluttered
In spite of Art's control.
Æneas saw the tremor,
The art concealed by art,
And, like a subtle schemer,
Besieged her royal heart;
And in his long recitals
About the sack of Troy,

* Et duplicem gemmis auroque coronam.—*Æneid*, Lib. i. 655.

Sweet pity touched her vitals,
And sorrow crossed by joy.
She loved with dangerous ardour,
And he, the "godlike man,"*
Who fattened on her larder,
The passion sought to fan.
His wretched crew he stables
About her palace fine,
And at her sumptuous tables
Quite royally they dine ;
Among her slaves and freemen,
So tender was her pain,
She nursed his battered seamen,
And made them whole again.

The city's useful labours
At length began to pine ;
'Twas nought but pipes and tabors,
And nights dissolved in wine.
Her maids with footsteps nimble
In mazy dances go ;
Waked by the tinkling cymbal,
Speeds each fantastic toe.

* Pius Æneas, the "godlike man."—DRYDEN.

The Queen with gay profusion
To feasting gave her bowers,
Her court was all confusion
At her outrageous hours.
Where shook the brazen clangour
Of people trained to wars,
Nought reigned but idle languor,
And midnight brawls and jars.
The public works unfinished,
The people talked in throngs
Of corn and wine diminished,
And clamoured at their wrongs ;
While from the mines of Britain
The trade in tin and lead
Was with a palsy smitten,
For Enterprise was dead.
'Twas riot in the palace,
Where floods of wine were spilt ;
The gods beheld in malice
Their temples yet unbuilt.
The Queen, for joys unholy,
Forgot her throne and name,
While thousands cursed her folly,
And murmured at her shame.
At length, in wildest blazon,
Rumour the scandal rung,

And filled her trumpet brazen
With her malignant tongue.

To all her tender passion
The false Æneas bows,
And then in tragic fashion
He flies with broken vows.
Bound on a secret mission
To some Hesperian clime,
Too late the Queen's suspicion
Points to his lofty crime.
O'erwhelmed and broken-hearted,
In passion's wild eclipse,
She sees her realm departed
With his departing ships.
That navy in the offing,
Which darkness soon will hide,
Leaves her to hate and scoffing,
A late deserted bride.
The lonely eagle, drinking
His glory from the sun,
May, when the orb is sinking,
The darkness still outrun ;
The hound may seek his master
Along the flowery lea,

But she would follow faster
Than bird or hound could flee.
But day and night will sever
Those vessels from her sight;
Her day is gone for ever,
And fearful is the night.

That wound of love was mortal,
O'erthrown by utter woe;
Through the infernal portal
She sought the Shades below.
A royal apparition,
Through mournful gloom she roves,
With those in like condition
Who weep their fatal loves.
About her garments bloody
Flamed up the funeral pyre,
Till all the heavens were ruddy,
And Carthage seemed on fire.
The flames around her kindled,
Æneas saw afar,
Till o'er the sea they dwindled
No greater than a star.



